Aug. 19, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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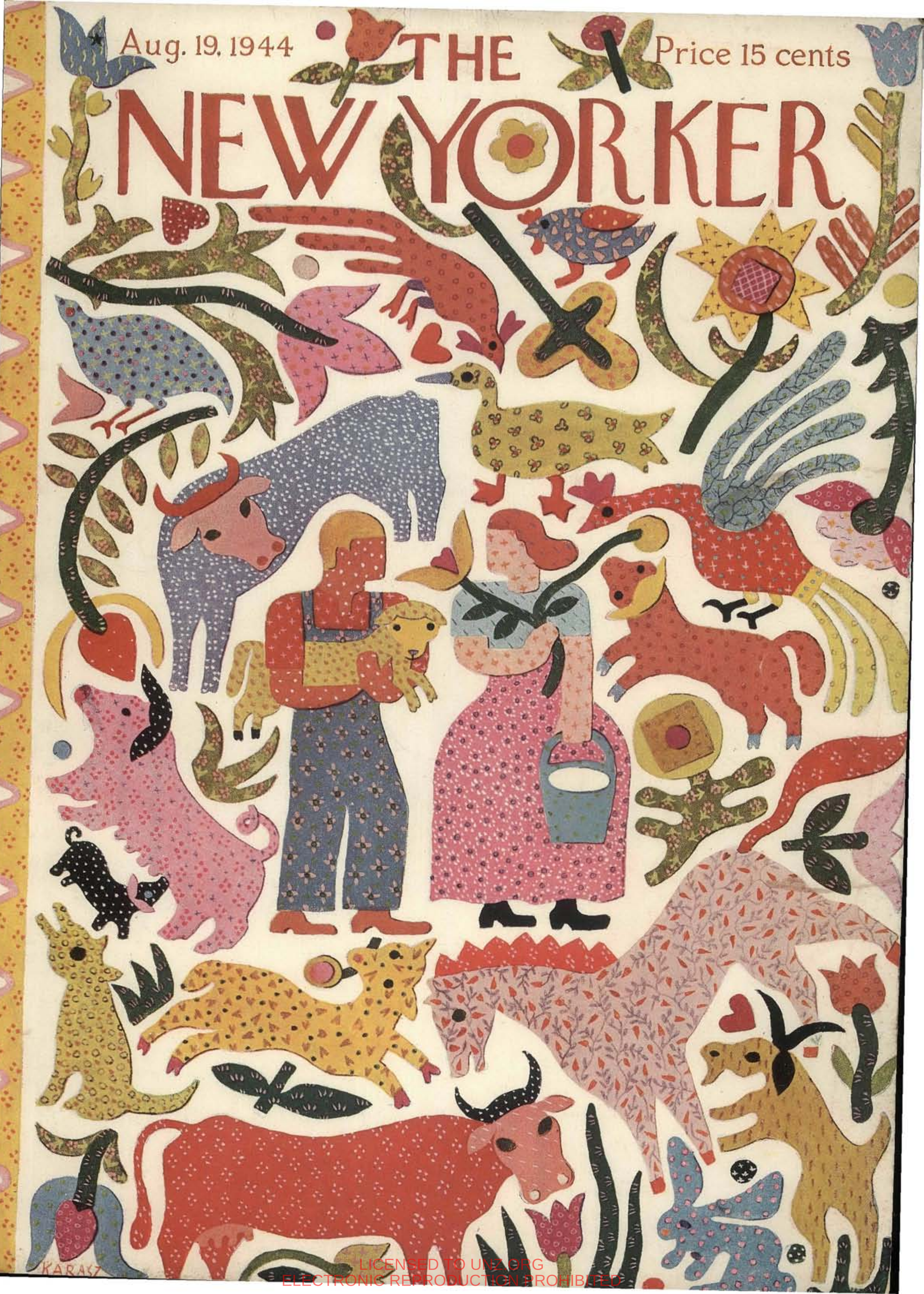

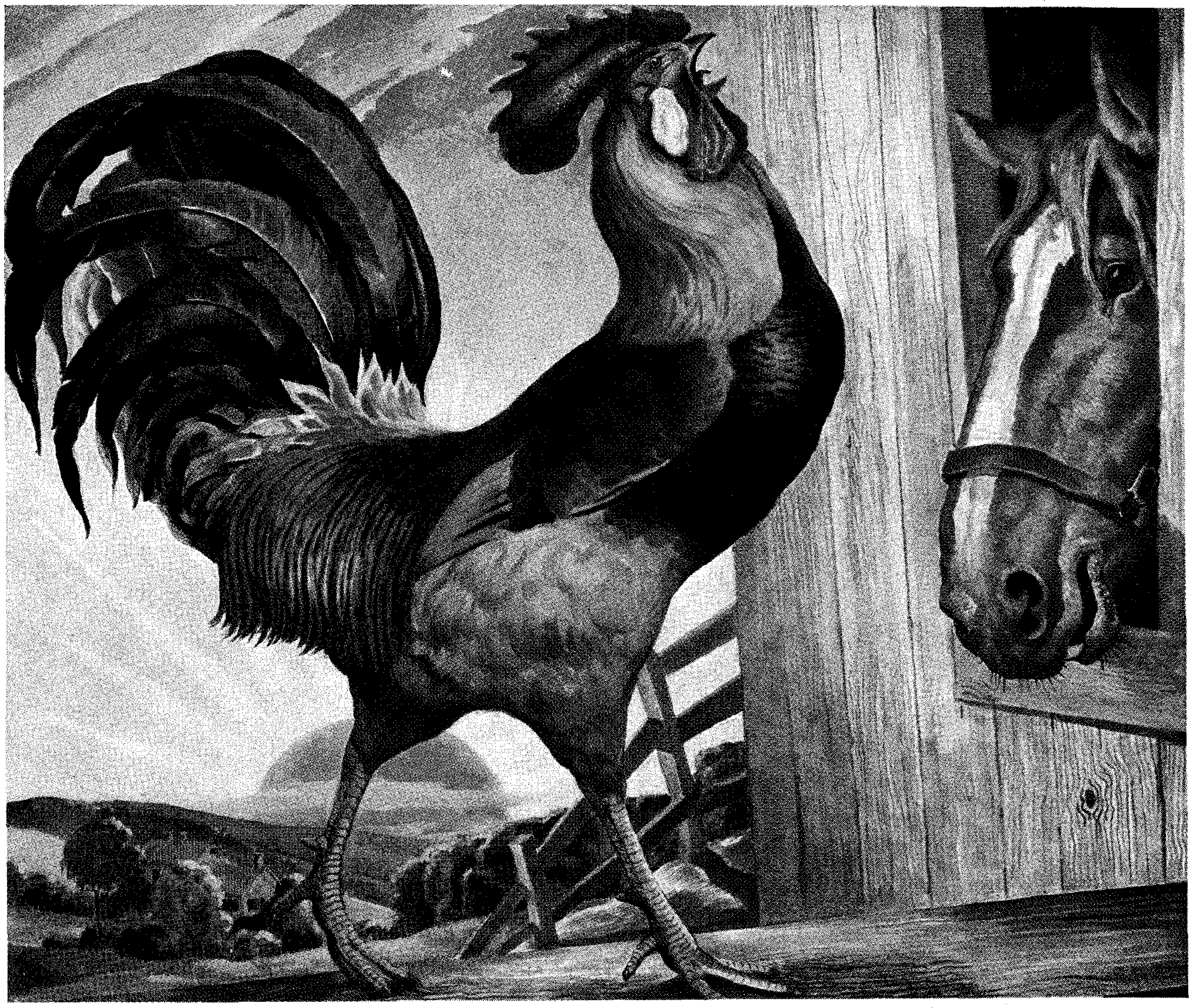

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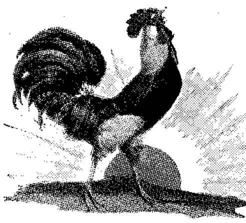

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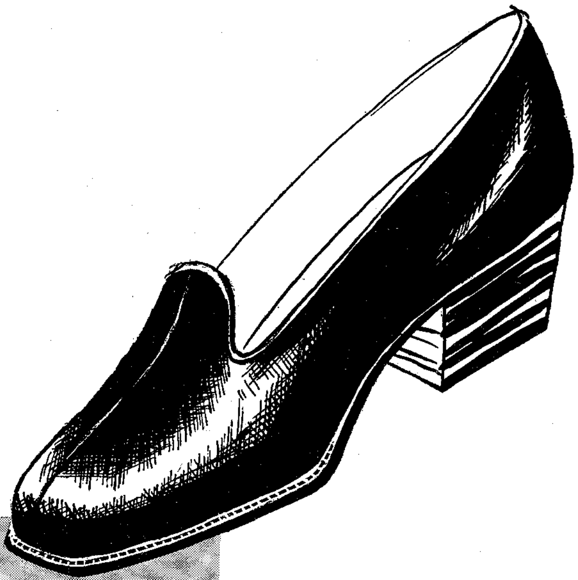

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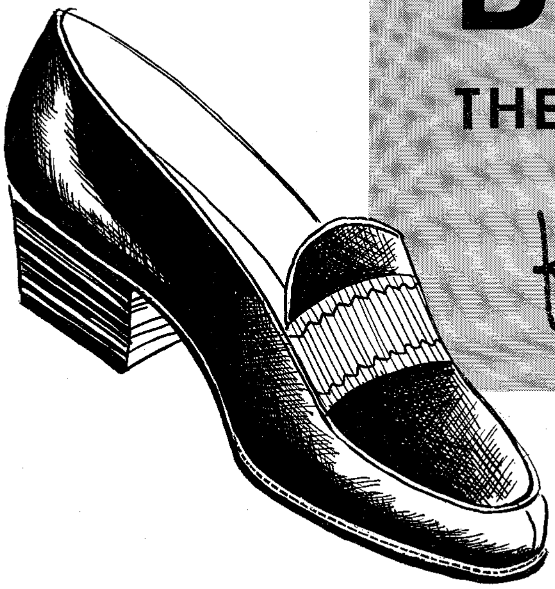

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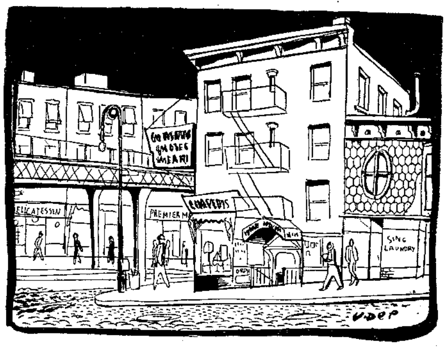
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 17,
THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 26.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama, now in its third year, about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Catherine Was Great—Mae West's own version of Russian history. Miss West's new tendency to confuse herself with Duse rather spoils what might have been a funny show. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Chicken Every Sunday—About a landlady in Tucson and how she copes with her dreamy husband. Rather pleasant and funny. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Franz Werfel's slightly disappointing play (as rewritten by S. N. Behrman) about two refugees from France. The cast includes Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast, headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's stories, is in its fifth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman now play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Pick-Up Girl—A rather glum sociological document explaining how little girls happen to take up with sailors. The action takes place in a courtroom, with William Harrigan in charge. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman combines an account of the history of Fascism with a triangular love story, and turns up with a play that may be a little difficult and disappointing to her admirers. Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Barbara O'Neil, and Montgomery Clift are in it. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—This melodrama is mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Onslow Stevens. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II readjusted the story and the lyrics, and Billy Rose is the fortunate producer. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about some sailors and their girls. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book, and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark is very funny in an otherwise standard musical. Cole Porter wrote the music and the lyrics, and the cast includes George Givot, and Paul Haakon. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . Special Mats. for men and women in the services Tues. Afts. at 2:30, with tickets on sale at the C.D.V.O. Information Center, Park at 42.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue that comes to life, to the amazement of John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

Song of Norway—An operetta by Milton Lazarus, based on the life and music of Edvard Grieg. Produced by Edwin Lester. Opens Mon., Aug. 21. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Lower North—A comedy by Martin Bidwell, with Arthur Hunnicutt, Rusty Lane, and Kim Spalding. Produced by Max J. Jelin and S. Jay Kauffman. Opens Thurs., Aug. 24. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music, or other entertainment, or both. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra supplying polite dance music to a polite audience.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Hazel Scott, Burl Ives, and Eddie Heywood's orchestra—in other words, your money's worth.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This prehistoric cellar has jazz by Ed Hall's orchestra and folk songs by Josh White.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Night life in a Greyhound Bus terminal. Frank Fay supplies the humor for a rather ramshackle show, and there are Shep Fields' orchestra and a rumba band to dance to. . . . The Copa Bar has the Morty Reid Trio.

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
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El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Nightly previews of what the well-dressed Navy man (and his lady) will wear. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—After the dinner hour there are the sweet, familiar strains of Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras for dancing.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Big and sort of beautiful, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The show in the stately Cotillion Room includes Myrus, the ingenious mind reader, as well as Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre for dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—A romantic, long-ago-and-far-away setting for dinner and supper. Fred Miller's orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The handsome Café Lounge offers Bob Simone's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—At least it keeps the kiddies off the streets. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Dacita's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Guy Lombardo's band, which plays for dinner and supper on the Starlight Roof, will be replaced by Nat Brandwynne's on Thurs., Aug. 24; a trio of acrobats and Mischa Borr's orchestra will continue to entertain after the theatre. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—At **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): low-voltage songs vastly improved by the high-powered ministrations of Luba Malina. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself, with her little numbers about what shouldn't happen to a dog. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peaceful and informal, with Ted Hunter's piano music thrown in.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a haphazard show full of luxurious young ladies, with Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra plays jauntily for dancing after 10 P.M. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): small and casual; George Morris's orchestra after 11 P.M. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian entertainment, from dagger dances to Red Army songs; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): José Morand's rumba band, spelled by Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra plays for dancing after 10:15 P.M. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Les Brown's orchestra will be replaced by Woody Herman's on Mon., Aug. 21. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, as you might expect, a rumba band.

Warm-weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the **BOSSERT**, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its view of the harbor and its open-air deck, has supper dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, Eddie Condon, Muggsy Spanier, and other talented noisemakers. . . . **PIED PIPER**, 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): the band is headed by Max Kaminsky's forthright trumpet; in between times, James P. Johnson and Willie the Lion Smith play piano. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): grade-A jazz by Stuff Smith's trio and Hot Lips Page's new quintet. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Red Norvo's band and, beginning Fri., Aug. 18, Billie Holiday; dancing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's clarinet and Adele Girard's harp are the high (and hot) spots of the band here. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes and his piano heading a lively trio; dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just an old hole in the ground, but it has the Leonard Ware Trio; dancing.

Al Fresco—The **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124: just for the fine view of the Hudson and (after 9:30 P.M.) dance music by a rumba band. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Pk. W. at 67: dinner underneath the stars, with (after 9:30 P.M.) dance music by Dick Kuhn's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . **CENTRAL PARK ZOO**: the cafeteria there is crowded on weekends

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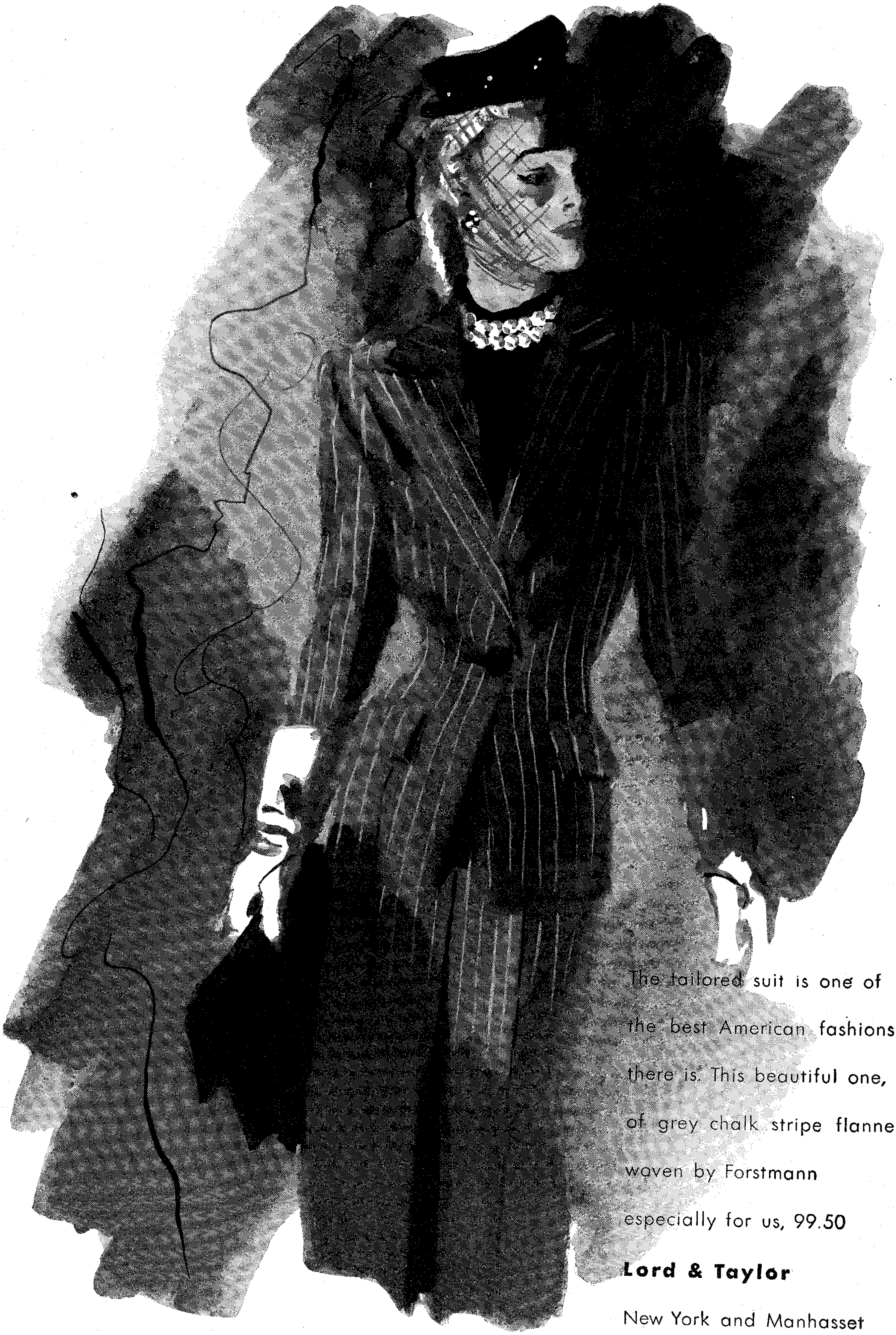
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XX, No. 27, August 19, 1944. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1944, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

but pleasant for a midweek breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave.: the **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8; **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL**, 5 Ave. at 9; and **LONGCHAMPS**, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

British—Contemporary paintings by Graham Sutherland, Paul Nash, R. W. Sickert, and John Piper: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Tues. through Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Fourteen paintings by van Gogh, from the collection of one of the artist's nephews. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 24.

Thomas Eakins—A somewhat abbreviated version of the Spring exhibition celebrating the centenary of his birth: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9.30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

European—Old and modern artists, including Cranach, van Goyen, Derain, and Vlaminck: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 1 P.M. and 2 to 4 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

French—At the **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: Gauguin, Pissarro, Manet, Corot, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64: landscapes, most of them Impressionist. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

Groups—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57: paintings by Stephen Csoka, Louis Bosa, Gerard Hordyk, and others. Weekdays 12 noon to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); through Aug. 31. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: Stephen Etnier, Leon Kroll, Maurice Sterne, Francis Speight, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57: oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: Darrel Austin, Carol Blanchard, Frederick Haucke, and others who exhibited here last season. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 9. . . . **PUMA**, 108 W. 57: paintings by Fernando Puma, Janet Sobel, and others. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: Louis Bouché, Russell Cowles, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 18. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: paintings by the gallery's group, including Waldo Peirce, Betty Parsons, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

Iranian Institute, 9 E. 89—A collection of Persian, Indian, and Chinese art. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—All the Museum's old masters back from their hideaway in Whitemarsh, Pa.; also, Greek paintings from the eighth century B.C. through the fourth century A.D., and (through Sept. 30) a large loan show of Russian ikons. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—An anniversary exhibition of the development of modern art in painting, sculpture, and architecture, as well as in industrial art, photography, the theatre, and motion pictures (through Oct. 8); also, prints by Stanley William Hayter and members of his studio workshop (through Sept. 17). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by thirty-six artists, many exhibiting here for the first time. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

MUSIC

Salmaggi Opera Company—"Carmen," Sat., Aug. 19; "Aïda," Sun., Aug. 20; at 8:45 P.M. (Polo Grounds. For tickets, call WI 7-2662.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 17-19, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Detroit, Sun., Aug. 20 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M., and Mon. and Tues., Aug. 21-22, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Dodgers, Fri., Aug. 25, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat., Aug. 26, at 2:30 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Jimmy McDaniels vs. Aaron Perry, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Aug. 18. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.)

Golf—Metropolitan G. A. Amateur-Pro Championship, Metropolis C. C., White Plains, N.Y., Fri., Aug. 25.

Racing—Saratoga meet at Belmont, weekdays at 1:15 P.M.; through Sept. 2. (Gideon Putnam Handicap, Aug. 18; Grand Union Hotel Stakes and Saratoga Handicap, Aug. 19; Diana Handicap and Wilson Stakes, Aug. 26; Red Cross and National War Fund days, Aug. 18-19.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:30 A.M. and 1:20 P.M., and Sat. between 11:01 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 26.

Tennis—Invitation Tournament, Meadow Club, Southampton, N.Y., starting Mon., Aug. 21. . . . Invitation Tournament, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, N.Y., starting Wed., Aug. 23.

Trotting—Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., at 8:40 P.M.; through Sept. 23. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.)

Yachting—Championship regatta on the Sound: New York Athletic Club, Sun., Aug. 20, at 2 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

War Exhibitions—At the **INTERNATIONAL BLDG.**, 5 Ave. at 51: "Your Fighting Coast Guard," an exhibition designed to show the wartime activities of the U. S. Coast Guard in all parts of the world, with displays of the equipment used in invasions, convoy duty, rescue missions, and in many other phases of its work. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Aug. 19. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: the development of the U. S. Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use (through Sept. 1); also, an Army Air Forces show featuring a troop-carrying glider, a P-47 fighter, and gun turrets and other plane equipment (through Sept. 1). Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. . . . **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including equipment captured from the enemy; also, daily from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **COÖRDINATING COUNCIL OF FRENCH RELIEF SOCIETIES**, 457 Madison, at 51: photographs showing Free French activities on the Allied fronts, as well as scenes of the French underground. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

Photography—The American scene, as documented by Edward Steichen, Bernice Abbott, Lisette Model, and others: A. C. A., 63 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

Americana—Life-size tableaux of scenes along the New York waterfront a century ago, and ship models, paintings, and prints of the period, in a show celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the Seaman's Church Institute: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 16.

Chessmen—The Gustavus A. Pfeiffer collection of unusual chess sets from all over the world, dating from the ninth century to the present: Metropolitan Museum of Art, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 17.

ON THE AIR

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting; soloists, John Corigliano, violin, and Leonard Rose, 'cello, Sun., Aug. 20, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Jascha Heifetz, violin, Mon., Aug. 21, at 9 P.M., WEAF. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., Aug. 19 and 26, at 3:30 P.M., WJZ.

Sports—Racing: Saratoga Handicap, Sat., Aug. 19; Wilson Stakes, Sat., Aug. 26; at 4:30 P.M., WEAF, WOR. . . . Boxing: Jimmy McDaniels vs. Aaron Perry, Fri., Aug. 18, at 10 P.M., WOR.

News Commentators—George Hicks (from Europe), Tues. and Thurs. at 10:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon., Tues., Wed., and Fri. at 10:15 P.M., WOR. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

Attack!—One of those Army documentaries which have to be seen. This one is about the New Britain campaign. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 18-21. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 22-23. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 23-24.)

Christmas Holiday—Gene Kelly and Deanna Durbin as a criminal type and his enduring wife. Heavy stuff for Miss Durbin, but she handles it well enough. From a book by Somerset Maugham. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., Aug. 19. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., Aug. 21.)

Dragon Seed—Hollywood does nobly if unevenly by Pearl Buck's account of the Chinese war effort. With Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon, Katharine Hepburn, and others. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

The Eve of St. Mark—A fine picture about a soldier at home and at war, very possibly better than the play it was adapted from. Anne Baxter, William Eythe, and Vincent Price. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., Aug. 23.)

Gaslight—Not quite as well acted as "Angel Street," a play with the same story now running on Broadway, but just about as scary. Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, and Joseph Cotten. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., Aug. 17.)

Going My Way—Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald as two rather different types of Catholic clergymen, both wrestling with financial and other kinds of problems in a New York parish. The cast also includes Risë Stevens and Jane Heather. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., Aug. 23. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Wed., Aug. 19-23. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Fri., Aug. 19-25. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. through Sat., Aug. 20-26.)

Hail the Conquering Hero—A funny comedy of Marines adrift in politics, written and directed by Preston Sturges and nicely played by Eddie Bracken, William Demarest, Freddie Steele, and others. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

It Happened Tomorrow—Dick Powell, Linda Darnell, and Jack Oakie in a picture which speculates fairly comically on the consequences of a man's knowing what's going to happen twenty-four hours ahead of time. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 20-21. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 20-22.)

Lady in the Dark—A lady editor's dream world, in color, with costumes to end all costumes. Ginger Rogers and Ray Milland. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Mon., Aug. 21.)

Mr. Skeffington—Bette Davis again holds a long, somewhat bumpy picture together with her acting. She plays a giddy heartbreaker, and Claude Rains plays her patient husband. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Once Upon a Time—Cary Grant, Janet Blair, and James Gleason in some whimsy about a dancing caterpillar. It's funny but not so funny as you might think. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., Aug. 23.)

See Here, Private Hargrove—The bright side, brightly done, of basic training. Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, and Donna Reed. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 20-22. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. through Wed., Aug. 21-23.)

Since You Went Away—Claudette Colbert, Monty Woolley, Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, and other stars take turns protecting the wartime home with tears by Selznick in their eyes. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

The Story of Dr. Wassell—Fictionized account of the Navy doctor's heroism on Java, handicapped by too much fiction but exciting at times. Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, and Dennis O'Keefe. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

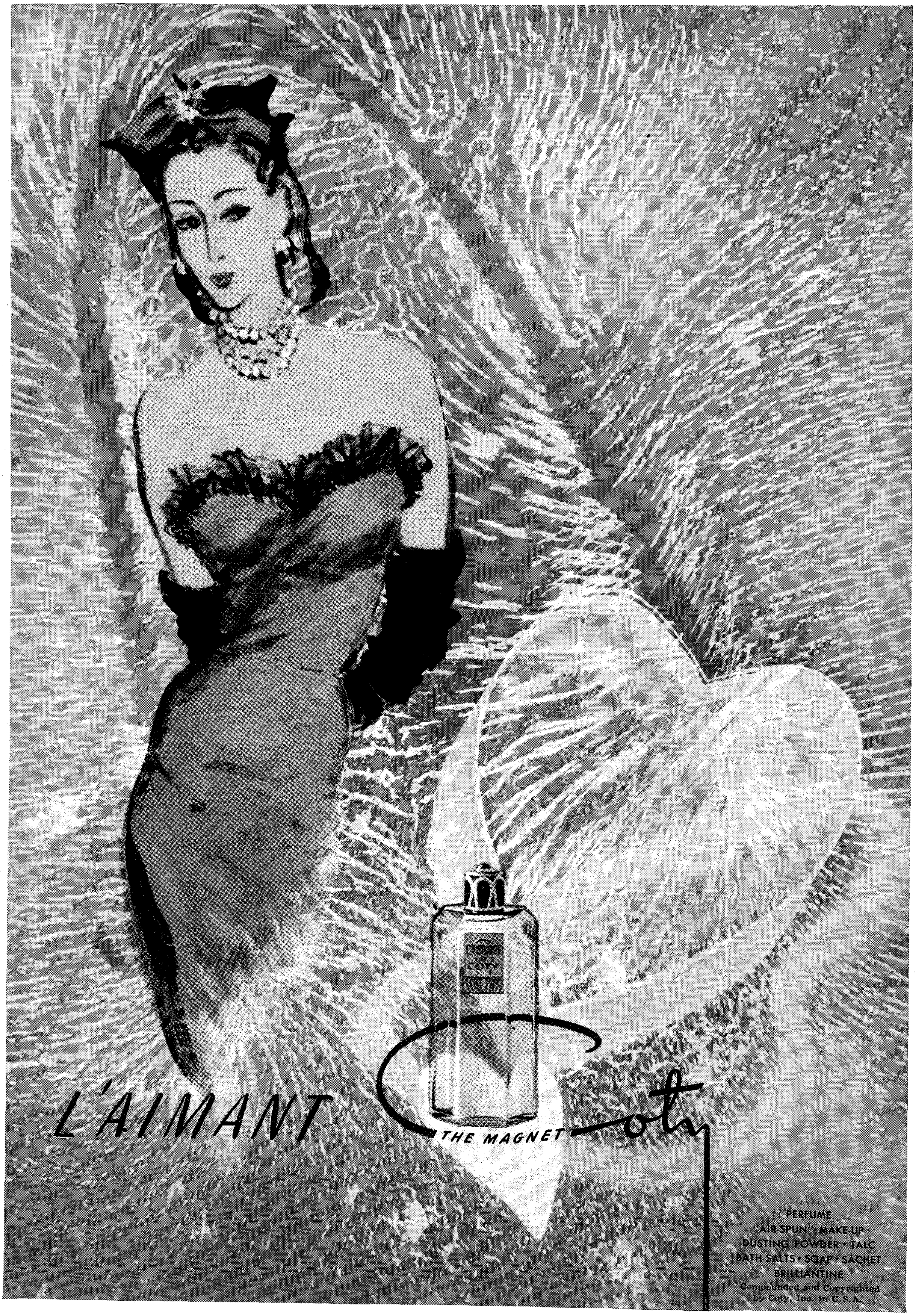
Two Girls and a Sailor—A long variety show starring, luckily, Jimmy Durante. Room has been made, also, for Gracie Allen, José Iturbi, a couple of orchestras, and a rather troublesome plot. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Wed., Aug. 23.)

Two Soldiers—The Russians treat a reliable Hollywood plot well and simply. (Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41; through Fri., Aug. 18.)

Wilson—Darryl Zanuck's life of Wilson, running more to length than depth but cataloguing the phrases and characters of the time with neat showmanship. Alexander Knox is the last wartime President, in Technicolor. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

REVIVALS

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—Problems arising from insanity in the family. John Barrymore and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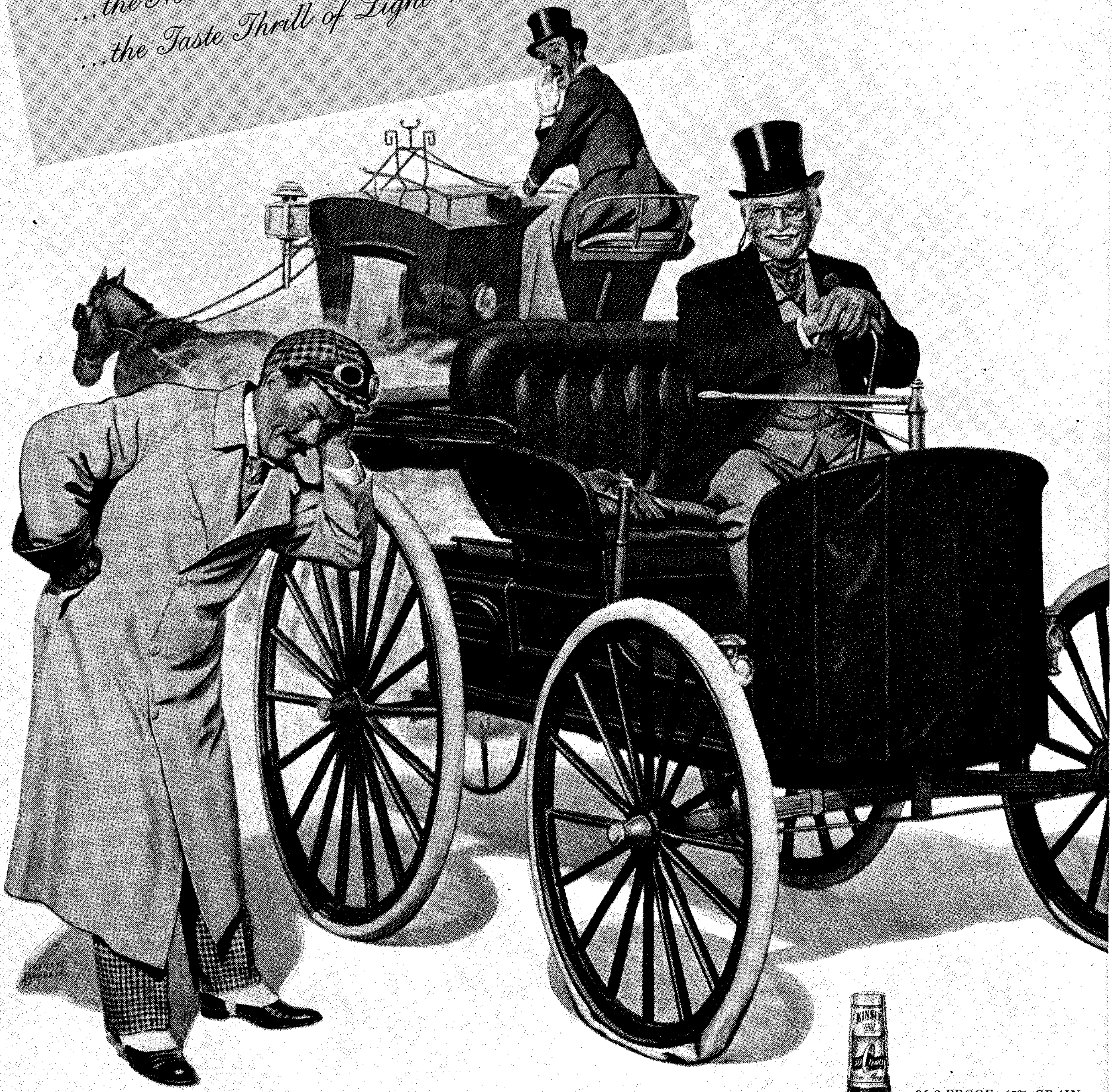

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 26.

Katharine Hepburn. (Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Fri., Aug. 18.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—With Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., Aug. 19 . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Aug. 18-19. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 22-24.)

Dead End (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Gotham, B'way at 47; through Fri., Aug. 25.)

The Girl in the News (1941)—Margaret Lockwood and Emlyn Williams in a Carol Reed mystery about a trained nurse. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Aug. 17.)

The Heart of a Nation (1943)—The history of a French family, and France, from the 1870's to the present. In French, with Michèle Morgan, Raimu, and Louis Jouvet, and with an English narrative by Charles Boyer. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Aug. 17. . . . 55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Tues., Aug. 22.)

I Dream Too Much (1935)—Lily Pons and Jerome Kern music. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Aug. 25.)

In Name Only (1939)—Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, and Cary Grant in the usual triangle mess. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Fri. and Sat., Aug. 18-19.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—Ben Hecht's drollery of Manhattan life. Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Aug. 18-20.)

Pépé le Moko (1941)—The French version of life in the Kasbah. With Jean Gabin. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., Aug. 22.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—Walt Disney's first full-length cartoon. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Aug. 18.)

Winterset (1936)—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. (Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Fri., Aug. 18.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing documentary films, produced by the Office of the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs; weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M., on the following schedule: **THROUGH SUN., AUG. 20:** four short films about Bolivia and Uruguay. . . . **FROM MON., AUG. 21:** four short films about Chile and Peru.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE**, 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300): men to take a short training course and then serve eight hours a week, during the late afternoon and evening, in the City Patrol Corps; men and women to put in at least one afternoon or evening a week as group leaders in recreation centres for school-age children. . . . **RED CROSS**, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day making surgical dressings. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES**, 11 E. 58: women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies (RE 7-3700); women to work at least five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores (PL 3-6487). . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND**, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to take a short training course and then work about six hours a week, day or evening, as orderlies in hospital wards; women to work in hospitals at least six hours a week, during the day, as librarians or aides in wards and clinics.

Note—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers, especially women, for the U. S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries now and early in the fall. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U. S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

Salvage—Wastepaper (the big need right now) and tin cans of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The Greek War Relief Association (CI 5-9100) is collecting practical clothing, in good condition, to send abroad. Contributions should be taken or mailed to the Association's warehouse at 420 E. 54. . . . The Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 51 (PL 3-4571), needs French books to send to the thousands of French service men in this country and in Canada. Contributions should be taken or mailed to the Council's offices. . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for writing tables, radios, records, and pool and tennis tables. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the A. W. V. S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33); the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); and Bundles for America, 2 Park, at 33 (MU 5-1976). . . . The Red Cross Post and Hospital Committee, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455), is collecting broken cigarette lighters, which will be repaired and used by convalescent soldiers. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. Contributions should be taken to the American Legion Welfare Committee, 325 E. 38 (LE 2-0886). . . . Musical instruments of all kinds (especially drums) are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centres. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410), or to the Special Services Officer of the New York Port of Embarkation, Arsenal Bldg., 3 Ave. at 63, Brooklyn (WI 9-5400, Ext. 538).

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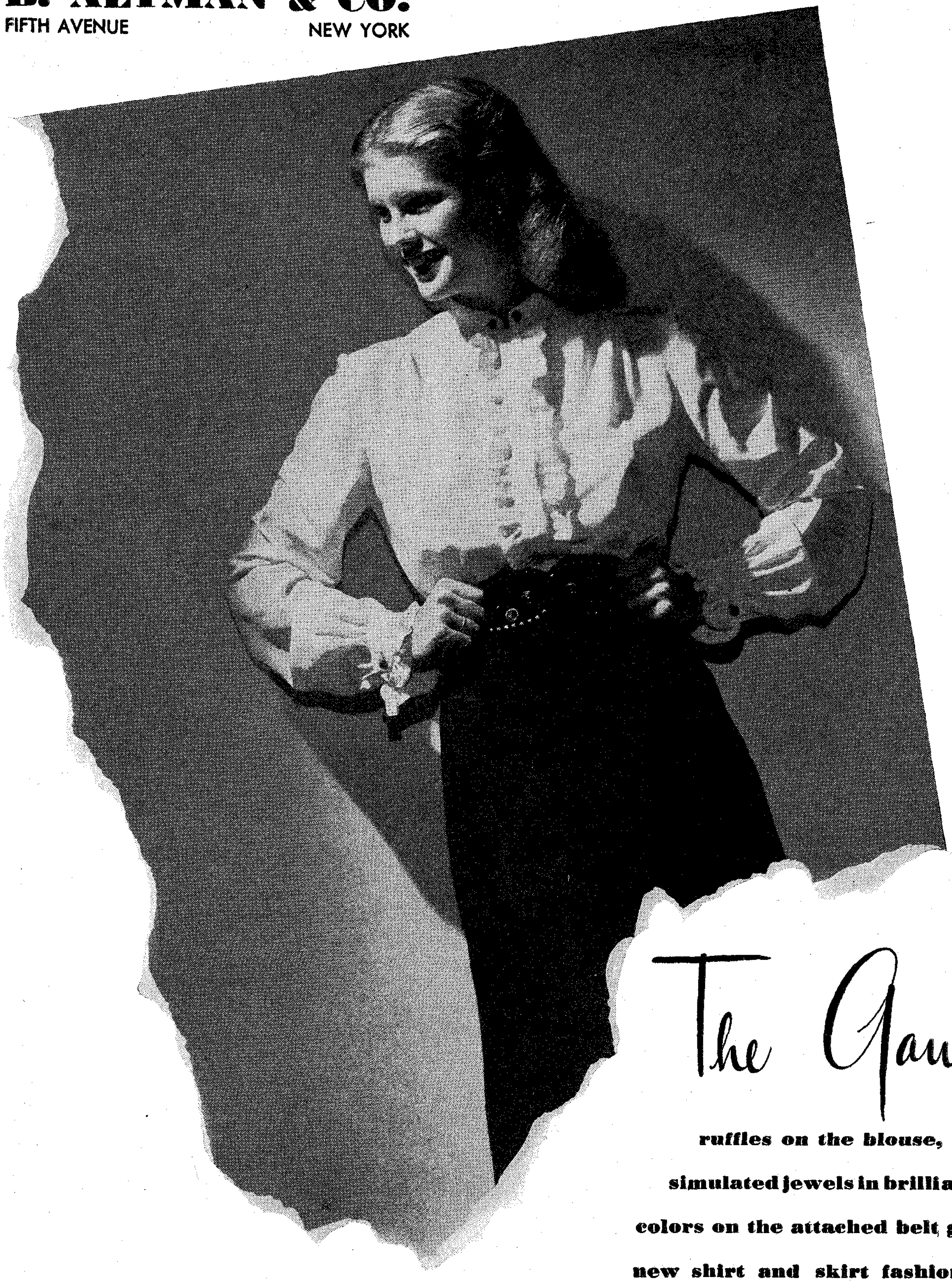

The Gaucho

ruffles on the blouse, flashing simulated jewels in brilliant Aztec colors on the attached belt give this new shirt and skirt fashion a gay and exciting accent. Bur-Mil* white rayon crepe blouse, colored stone studs at neck and cuffs. Sizes 12 to 18, 7.95. Black novelty rayon-and-wool crepe skirt. Sizes 10 to 18, 10.95.

Altman blouse and skirt fashions, third floor

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THE NEW YORKER

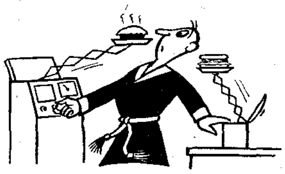
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE'VE again been reading the ads about the postwar world in the magazines, and now we learn that another of the big improvements planned is the elimination of the kitchen. We are steeled against the postwar world, and it didn't greatly surprise us to learn that the kitchen must go. But the question was, *where?* All over the house, it appears. The kitchen, like an ingredient in a mixing bowl, will disappear by being absorbed. One designer, hell-bent on getting rid of it, has perfected a desk drawer fitted with oven and broiler, along with a sixteenth-century commode rigged up with an electric mixer and materials for baking—"all except butter, milk, and eggs, which in postwar days will be found in the cold chest in the radio cabinet." We are quoting from an article in the *Woman's Home Companion* by Dorothy Rosenman, chairman of the National Committee on Housing. "Nonchalance will have reached the peak when, during a tea party," Mrs. Rosenman says, "the hostess casually reaches into the desk drawer to baste a chicken!" An architect in Pittsburgh keeps the kitchen but provides a shoulder-high cupboard over which the housewife, when she has to be out in the kitchen, can look into the dining room and keep up her end in the dinner-table conversation. This idea has also turned up in New Jersey.

For tubless bathrooms (now on the increase because men prefer showers) the designers have devised enlarged wash basins, suitable for bathing babies. In many of the new defense homes, it has been found, there are no adequate facilities for this, and one mother who was asked about it said that there was nothing to do but to get under the shower with the baby. The new basins will be large enough to accommodate an infant. "But that leaves unwashed the toddler too big for the basin and too small to regulate the shower," Mrs. Rosenman observes. They are working on that situation.

Also being worked on are walls equipped with zippers so that they can be taken down in a moment. There are variants of this idea, such as the prefabricated sliding partition, whose central idea is the ability to dissolve rooms at will, or the entire house, for that matter. "Then," explains the article, "you may start with five rooms, decide to give a big party, move out the walls of four rooms, and have one grand time. . . . These and many more ideas rumble about. Some bring smiles to our eyes but architects and builders talk seriously of them. One big stumbling block is uncertainty as to what the public really wants. But to get down to brass tacks, do you know what you want?" By now, yes: Power-driven furniture, such as chairs capable of high speed, easy to operate, and with great maneuverability, to enable a man to make the rapid adjustments such a house will ceaselessly demand, both from a member of the family and from a guest. It is now axiomatic that the only way to meet mobility is with more mobility—an inexorable circle of cause and effect that will make the Saturday Evening Postwar world an ever more dizzying spiral of accomplishment—and that alertness and alacrity are the only safeguards against camouflage. Being a host on such premises may turn out to be fun, but there will probably never be such a thing as a perfectly adjusted guest, not if a man is going to have a platter of devilled eggs or a pot pie suddenly emerge from the radio he is tuning or see a lettuce-and-tomato sandwich whisked out of a humidor from which he had expected to be offered a cigar—all this in a place of unpredictable dimensions, where he may at any moment find himself in the path of walls as they make their way around. It will have to be accepted, all in all, as a world in which man will be constantly on the move, even when he is at home.



DEWEY's maiden attempt at a purge was a quaint fiasco. We refer to his effort to repudiate Hamilton Fish and to the thumping endorsement of Dewey with which Fish responded. Dewey had been lulled into a false sense of hostility by the vigor of his own statement and was totally unprepared for this crushing bear hug from the man he thought he had made his enemy. It was easy to understand the Governor's worried look and the dismay of his colleagues over the prospects of harmony under a man who can't even create cleavage.

"THE millions are no different than the millionaires," Gimbels declare in their most recent advertisement of art objects, the proof being that collectors with paintings to sell come to Gimbels because "Gimbels hangs price tags on their paintings and sells them with no more hullabaloo than when we sell ten yards of seersucker." We had for some time admired Gimbels for precisely the reverse—selling paintings with as much hullabaloo as when they sell seersucker—and shall certainly continue to if we are encouraged by such spectacles as this ad, a lush, itemized display of the sort too long denied to Art. Gimbels know at just what point the millions no longer wish to be regarded as such, and emphasize in their copy such artists as Julien Dupré, Josef

Israels, and Théodore Rousseau, avoiding American names, which might foster the suspicion that what is for sale is not Art, after all. This selectivity and the Gimbels prices—Dupré's "Peasant Girl," $298; a marine by "the great Belgian" Paul Jean Clays, $298—may be the secret of Gimbels' success in making pictures move. Two hundred and ninety-eight dollars is simply our old friend two ninety-eight, and two ninety-eight sells anything. Josef Israels' "Feeding Time," at $1,250, would hang on the Fifty-seventh Street art dealer's wall for God knows how long. Gimbels will let it go at $1,249, throwing in the artist's letter to the man he painted it for, a Mr. A. Preyer. Here, for whatever the more backward galleries care to do about it, is a tried technique, adjustable to any type of merchandise. For art, you just take out the decimal points.

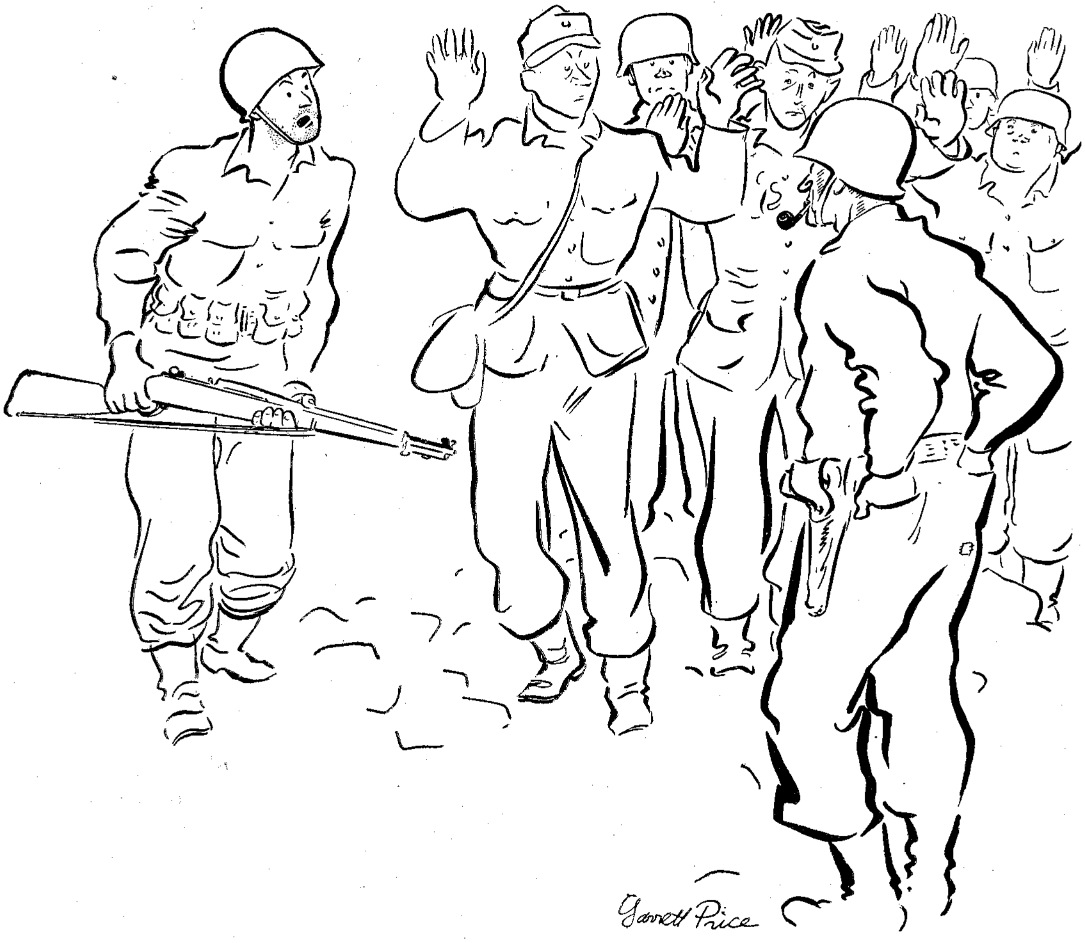
Our Own Baedeker

LITHUANIA was big stuff back in the Middle Ages; at one time, in fact, it was the biggest state in Europe, extending from the Baltic to the Black Sea. A ruler named the Grand Duke Jogaila cooked Lithuania's goose in the fourteenth century by marrying a beautiful queen of Poland; a hundred and fifty years later, Lithuania had been practically absorbed into Poland. After being kicked around by Poland for four hundred years, Lithuania spent an equally unhappy period as a Russian Grand Duchy, and only after the last war, through negotiations with the League of Nations, did she establish her independence, or at least part of it—the Poles snapped up Vilna, the capital city, and Memel, the seaport, was left in the hands of the League. Since 1940, of course, Lithuania has been the Lithuanian Soviet Socialist Republic, but it has not been recognized as such by either England or the United States. The prewar Lithuania, as defined by her treaties with her neighbors, was a bit bigger than the state of Maine, with a population just under three million.

Lithuania is a flat country with a climate like Maine's, too, and a lot of lakes—two thousand of them. It's one of the few places in the world which have tunnels under their lakes. The inhabitants use them for hideouts during invasions. Three out of every four Lithuanians are farmers, about the only other trades being weaving and woodcarving. There is no Slavic blood in the Lithuanians. They are blond and blue-eyed, and arrived in prehistoric times through the Balkans. Some scholars think they were related to the Greeks. Their language is the oldest in Europe, and, so we're told, is the most subtle, mellifluous, and poetic. There are, for instance, ten variations of the verb "to come," by which one can indicate eagerness, reluctance, clumsiness, and so on. Lots of grammatical constructions are almost identical with those of classic Greek or Latin, and the prehistoric relationship to Sanskrit is plainer than in any other modern language.

Probably because of its long history of war and oppression, Lithuania hasn't much native literature, music, or art. Its lady novelists give a startling touch to their work by using such pen names as The Witch of Satrija, The Bee, and Hazel the Owl. The Lithuanians go in for folk dancing and ballads, of which there are at least two million. Their old pagan religion centred around Perkunas, the god of thunder and lightning, and the sites of the sacred groves are still respected by the peasants. Lithuania has an unusual sort of fairy called a laune, which specializes in changing new-born babies from one crib to another. Fire fighting in the backwoods of Lithuania is highly organized and rather picturesque. The fire is treated as a hungry guest, and a table with bread and salt on it is set out to appease the fire's hunger. If this doesn't work, one of the matrons has to undress and hop around and around the table on one foot until it *does* work. A Lithuanian wedding is a good deal of bother, too, since it uses up the best part of a week. The festivities start with the inviting of the guests, which is done by a messenger who is supposed to play a musical instrument, sing, crack jokes, and generally carry on like Oscar Levant. Then, when the guests are assembled, they and the bride, with much giggling, bar the groom and his party from the house. After this is over and the couple is married, they call on their neighbors and try to steal one animal at each house. In spite of all this, people do get married in Lithuania.

Lithuanians eat cucumbers as casually as we do apples, and drink a kind of mead distilled from honey and arrack. They



"They're a suicide squad, sir."

consider it a mark of distinction to be seen carrying a briefcase and are polite to bees, always informing them of a death in the family before telling any human outsiders. One telephone book does for the whole country. Lithuanians would consider it indecent for cows, horses, pigs, and poultry to live together in the same barn; their livestock all have separate establishments.

It just happens that about the only foreign settlers in Scotland are Lithuanians. They have the reputation of being good colonists, and Buffalo Bill once tried to get them to settle some land he owned out West. Lithuanians have strong ties with the United States, because so many of them emigrated here—they used to come over at the rate of thirty thousand a year—and their republic was based on ours, with a White House for the President, decimal-system money, and American-looking uniforms for the military. Sidney Hillman, Otto Tolischus, Al Blozis, and Jack Sharkey are all of Lithuanian extraction.

Baltimore

A FRIEND of ours recently put in a call to Baltimore and, while he was waiting, overheard an involved conversation between the local long-distance operator and the one in Baltimore. Some technical difficulty arose, apparently, and the remoter young lady said just a minute, she'd straighten it out. The New York operator sighed and spoke, apparently to our man. "Baltimore is *so* dumb," she said.

Dewey's Friend

EVERY time we turn around, we come across something interesting about Dewey. The other day we were electrified to hear that for several years he had been coached in public speaking by a Richard C. Borden, once a professor of public speaking at N.Y.U. and now a trainer of salesmen for Westinghouse. We hunted up Professor Borden, thinking to gather a few interesting paragraphs about the vocal qualifications of the man who just possibly may be our next President, but found him reluctant to talk for publication. He told us that his interest in political speaking is only a hobby and that Dewey is merely a friend of his. "Sometimes, of course, I talk to my friends about my hobby," he said. It was five years ago, around the time that Dewey's political future was getting perceptibly larger than a man's hand, that he and Professor Borden became friends, and friends they have remained, we gathered, ever since.

Professor Borden is a tall, handsome extrovert in his early forties. After graduating from Colgate, he started his business career with an air-conditioning company, and went from there to N.Y.U., where for eighteen years he specialized in the correction of speech defects and foreign accents. In 1937, he went to General Electric as a sales counsellor. He wound up at Westinghouse after an interlude with the Borden Milk Company. His present job is to implant in the sales staff a feeling that selling things is not impossible. If Dewey has been getting the same advice that the salesmen get from Professor Borden, he has been told not to do all the talking himself and not to interrupt. "I've always felt that if you could sell an insurance policy, you were a good speaker," Professor Borden told us. "After all, it's the box-office receipts that count in everything." He pointed out that Dewey had a good start as a public speaker, what with his musical background and his Middle West accent. While Professor Borden is not prepared to admit that his friend ever had any serious faults in speaking, he did admit that he had to get rid of a few courtroom mannerisms. "Lawyers pick up little furbelows and things," he said. "They tend to orate and, it goes without saying, if you're going to talk on the radio, you've got to converse. Now he has a voice that just wags its tail when you hear it over the radio."

Professor Borden thinks that Dewey reached the heights in his acceptance speech. "Of course, Mr. Roosevelt has made some good speeches, too," he said. "I think the speeches he made during his first term were especially good. It's been more or less downhill, though, ever since. Tom Dewey's voice is sincere, spontaneous, direct, persuasive, virile, forceful, charming, crisp, warm, and lovable. It has a certain Abraham Lincoln quality about it. I think he has one of the great voices of history. True," he added, "that hasn't exactly been backed up by box-office receipts yet. But it's certainly my opinion. As far as I'm concerned, he couldn't be one whit better—not that he won't improve, of course."

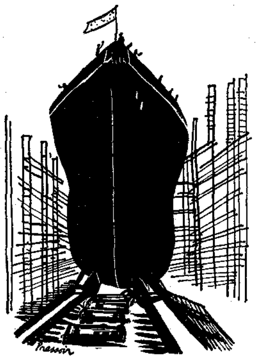
Strategist

TWO naval lieutenants were waiting on the platform of the Chambers Street subway station, pacing up and down in a thoughtful and responsible manner. Finally one of them spoke. "You know," he said to his brother-in-arms, "I wish we had an Administrative Office down here. Then we could send an ensign after the theatre tickets instead of having to go ourselves."

German Movies

ONE of the reasons Goebbels decreed last week that all movie ushers in Germany had to enter war work is that the movie business there has been so good that it has been using up too much manpower. We base this statement and the others that follow upon information supplied us by the O.W.I. Last year U.F.A., once a big, privately owned producing firm but now a Party monopoly, made ninety feature films, which is approximately twice the output of any of the big Hollywood studios. Moviegoing in the Reich has increased to the extent that it has become a major problem. Before the war, movie attendance averaged forty-one million admissions a year; now it's eight hundred and thirty million. In some cities only soldiers and workers in vital war industries are allowed to attend, and in other places tickets are sold far in advance. Now Goebbels has banned the use of tickets in the smaller movie houses, in order to free printers for war work.

Most of the stars of the prewar German films are still around: Emil Jannings, Marika Rokk, Willy Fritsch, Willy Forst, Hans Albers, Paula Wessely, Heinrich George, and the pro-Nazi Swedish actress Kristina Sauderbaum. To give you an idea of the state of the industry, these were the films playing the big Berlin houses on D Day: "Mr. Sanders Lives Dangerously," a mild cops-and-robbers piece about a writer of detective stories who gets involved in a real crime; "Slumbering," all about the life and loves of the composer Schumann; "The Miracle Violin," about an unsuccessful musician who borrows a Stradivarius from a museum and becomes famous; "The Culprit Is Among Us," another detective thriller (which includes a glimpse of an American gun moll); "The Emperor Waltz," a Viennese number with Strauss tunes; "The Majoratsherr," a comparatively serious romantic film about the grief caused by the entailment laws once in force in eastern Germany; "Immensee," a love story; and "Lumpasivagabundus," a costume piece about Vienna.



The German film industry, which is apparently nobody's fool, has already written off this war as a total loss and is making harmless escapist films which it no doubt hopes will be acceptable for distribution after the armistice. Beethoven, Luther, Schiller, and Goethe are being trotted out as the subjects of film biographies. Vienna and the Tyrolese Alps are the favorite backgrounds. The cinematic German is either a beer-drinking, yodelling mountaineer or a mellow character from the pages of history, never a Party member. None of the pictures deal with the war, even indirectly, and such British or American characters as find their way into the script are gently and respectfully handled. To discover any of the old-line, fire-breathing, hundred-per-cent Aryan jobs, you have to go back several years, to the days when the Germans were taking their propaganda straight and without a chaser, in a film such as "The Prodigal Son." This picture is about a fine, upstanding German lad who came to the United States, tired of life here, and happily returned to the homeland.

The fact that the present German feature film contains no propaganda doesn't mean that the audiences aren't being attended to by the Goebbels office. The newsreels, which run for thirty minutes, take care of the propaganda line, which at the moment is ignoring the master-race theme and concentrating on what a tough and bloody war it is. The damage done by our bombers is played up, as are the workings of civilian defense. No mention is made of submarines. However, with clips showing, for example, a fashion parade in Brussels, a swimming match in The Hague, a dance in Paris, and a harvest festival in the Balkans, the newsreel editors are still gamely trying to present a picture of a happy and united continent. In addition to the newsreel there is usually a *Kulturfilm*, or documentary: "The Life of the Antelope," "Coral Formations," "Shipbuilding," "Old German Architecture"—*you* know.

Treat

A TALL, dignified man with an English accent entered a drugstore on Madison Avenue the other morning, seated himself at the counter, and ordered a concoction which, as near as our informant could make out, consisted of milk, pineapple juice, and ice cream. The clerk was just about to put this combination into the electric mixer when the man said, rather wistfully, "Could you put in another scoop of ice cream? Today is my birthday."

Ruml Again

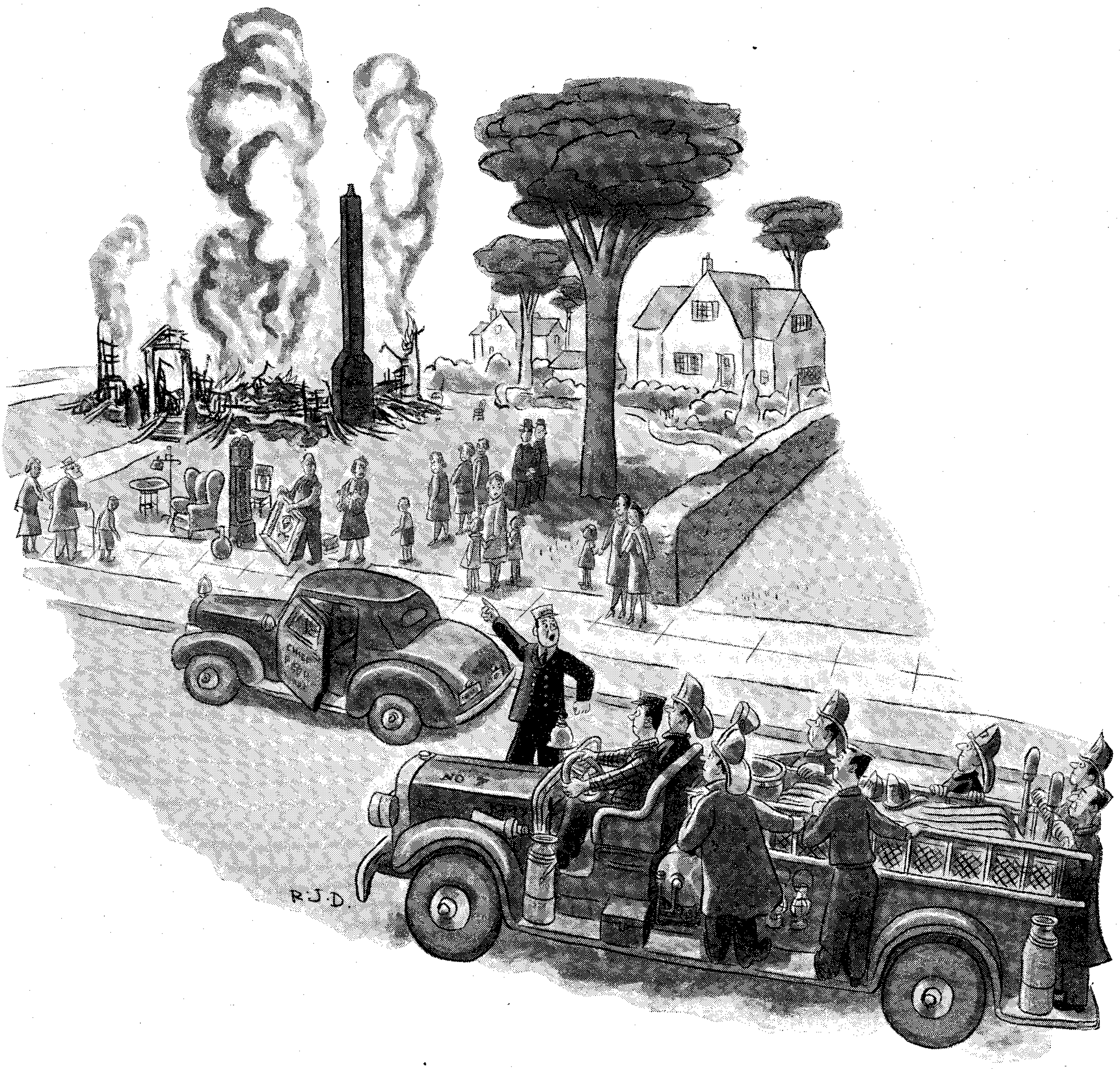
ONE vital clause of our editorial policy reads, "Keep an eye on Beardsley Ruml." Accordingly, we called on him last week in his office at Macy's to find out more about his new tax plan, which has been described by the press as a levy falling entirely on the individual's income and leaving the corporations free as larks. "You may say I am the same large, cute, jovial B. Ruml," he told us amiably. "Still coöperating with the inevitable. I mean, I just don't see any other way of running things after this war except to follow our little plan." The tax program, by the way, is only a part of the little plan, which embraces a public-works program geared to the fluctuations in private enterprise, old-age pension rates which can be raised or lowered according to current requirements, and other surprises. The thing is summed up in a pamphlet called "Fiscal and Monetary Policy," which is No. 35 in a series issued by the National Planning Association, of whose Business Committee Ruml is vice-chairman. The reader will find H. Christian Sonne listed as co-author of this plan, and credits for assistance are given to Leon Henderson and Thomas Tarleau, the tax expert of Wendell Willkie's law firm, among others.

It isn't strictly true that corporations would go untaxed under the new Ruml plan; they would pay a basic five-per-cent franchise tax just for the privilege of existence, and would get soaked for sixteen per cent of all undistributed profits. The individual, however, would pay not only a basic sixteen per cent of his income after exemptions but also a graduated surtax. The surtax would rise from two and a half per cent on net taxable incomes under a thousand dollars a year to fifty-seven per cent for Louis B. Mayer. "I suppose you've got an idea of corporations as big fat bears or something, roaming around and living off the people," Ruml said severely. "Well, sir, do you know who suffers the most from high taxes on corporations? For one, the consumer, because prices are higher; for another, the working man, because wages are lower; for another, the young inventor or the fellow with an idea, because corporations are afraid to take chances and then have all their profits taxed away; and for another, the stockholder. I suppose you've got an idea of the stockholders, too—great, bloated fellows fondling their fat watch chains. Well, for every great, bloated stockholder, I bet there are ten little unbloated stockholders with hardly any watch chains at all. When you tax corporations directly, all the stockholders get soaked on the same basis, regardless of their relative incomes. If you shift the tax to the individual, you have the graduated rates that are the only fair ones. I know it sounds awfully wicked and underhanded when you first think about it, and everybody will say, 'Oh, that bloated Ruml!' But really and truly, I am not trying to betray the people or anything. I am on the side of the people."

After what he went through with the pay-as-you-go plan, Ruml is resigned to being misunderstood, at least for a while. "People will start being against anything that looks like a neat thing for the corporations, and then the labor unions will come out in favor of it, and everybody will be confused. Then they'll all start thinking seriously, and of course they'll see what a really good idea it is." So far, the reaction of the press has been pretty friendly; Ruml received on the day we saw him clippings of favorable editorials from both the *New Republic* and the *Chicago Tribune*. The only trouble he has had, he told us, has been with the people he terms naïve conservatives and naïve liberals. Some of them have raised the objection that, before all the loopholes are plugged up, the corporations will get away with murder. Ruml thinks that possibly a small number of them might, but he says, "We've got to stop building our whole tax program as an enormous net for the purpose of catching a few large, dead fish."

The B-29

A FRIEND of ours who dropped into a Third Avenue haberdashery for an emergency handkerchief found the proprietor listening to a long lecture by a corporal, apparently his son. ". . . then we got aircraft recognition too," the corporal was saying. "They have the planes all separated into sizes and classes—A-20s, B-25s, B-26s, you know, the same way we got underwear in different sizes. Like for instance, this new B-29, well, that would be about waist 52, length 38."



"See what I mean, men? Now, when the next alarm comes in, I hope there'll be less dawdling."

THE CRITICS

THE two soldiers sat inside the one-room, sandstone Italian house. Nobody had lived in the place for several months, but it still had the good, familiar, farm smell of horses and chickens and human sweat.

The squat fellow near the door was a twenty-two-year-old mechanic from a little town in Ohio. The other was a small, wiry kid with a faint, red stubble on his chin. He looked seventeen, but was twenty. He came from Newburgh, New York, where he had been jerking sodas and thinking about getting a defense job when his draft number came up. There was a hole in the side of the house, and the sunlight and flies were streaming in. Newburgh had a burned-out cigarette in his mouth and was reading a paper-bound book.

In the doorway, Ohio was reading a copy of *Stars and Stripes*. After a while he folded it neatly, tore it into strips, and put the strips into his back pocket. He looked over and asked, "Good book?"

Newburgh looked up. "Come see, come saw. It's stories." He held up the book so the other could read the cover: "Best American Short Stories of 1943. Armed Services Edition. This is a complete book—not a digest."

"Hot stuff?"

"There's one story where a woman hears the girl in the next room in bed with a guy. But they don't say much. . . . Come see, come saw," Newburgh said.

Ohio looked out at the quiet fields, full of red flowers. After a moment he asked, "You ever read any of the books a guy named Farrell writes about Chicago?"

Without looking up, Newburgh said, "No. But I been to Chicago."

"It's the dirtiest stuff I've ever read. Just like people talk. I mean he comes out and says everything."

"Yeah?"

"So help me, everything. I was surprised to read it—in a regular book, I mean. This guy in the book has a sister. Boy, what doesn't happen to her! She has a couple of boy friends, and the words she uses—hot stuff! She says everything." Ohio smiled.

Newburgh shut his book. "Lot of these stories don't seem to have an ending. They just stop. So the dame was hardboiled?"

"No, she wasn't."

"You just said—"

"But you could understand the way she talked. Like you and me. Girls must talk the same with each other."

Newburgh asked thoughtfully, "You think so?"

"Sure they do. They say everything."

"Wonder if they put that book out in these paper editions?" Newburgh asked. "I'd sure like—"

A mortar shell hit about a quarter of a mile from the house. Both of them sat up quickly, grabbing their rifles. Ohio said, "That sounded like a sixty-millimetre—one of ours."

Newburgh nodded. "Let's get the hell out of here. I get nervous in these houses. A kraut patrol could come up on us and toss in a grenade before we knew it."

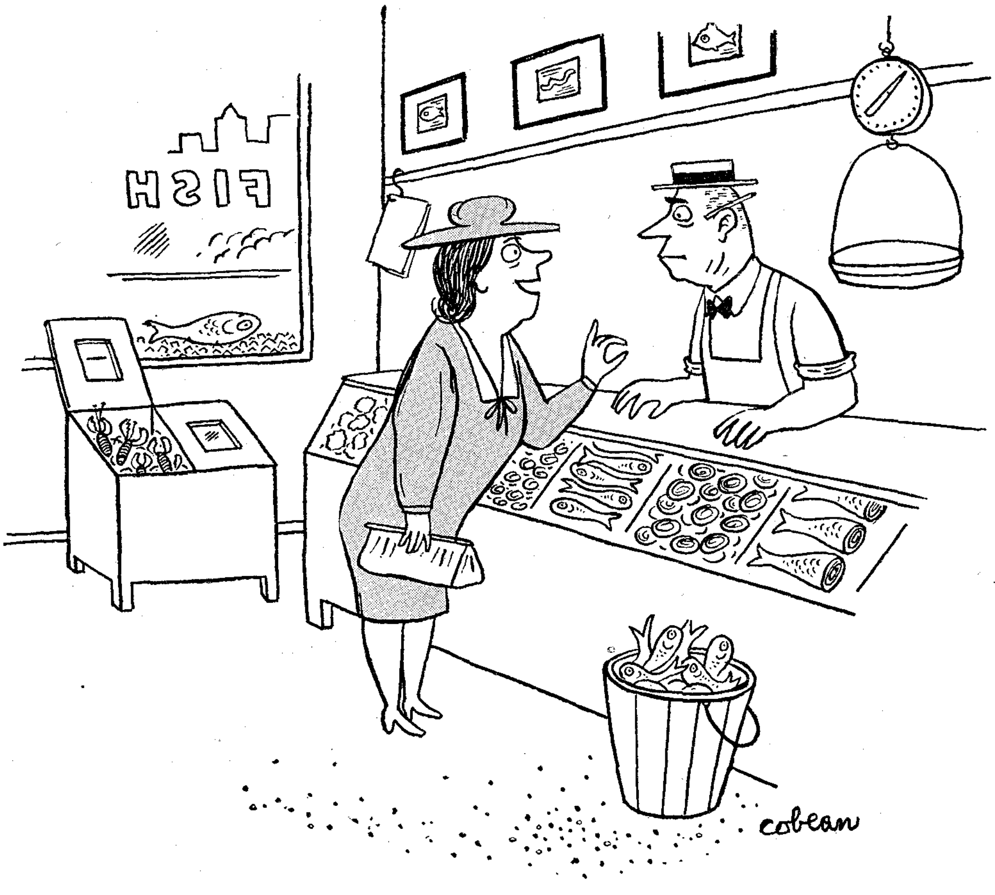
"Aw, relax," Ohio said, getting up. The mortar fired two more rounds. "He's trying to bracket something. Come on."

THEY started across the field, looking about as they walked. Ohio said, "It must be something to really meet a babe like the one I was telling you about in the Chicago book."

"I don't know," Newburgh said. "I wouldn't like a girl like that. You expect a girl to say something, you don't want no dope, but to say everything—I don't know."

Ohio said quickly, "Take it easy as we get to the top of this hill. There's a red hut on the other side, at the bottom. Can't tell who's in there. I don't mean you'd marry the girl. No man wants his wife to talk too dirty. I mean just a girl you know for a while. I'd like to talk to a girl like the one in the book for a change. Be nice to say anything you felt like saying."

"Not me," Newburgh said, walking cautiously as they neared the top of the hill. "Those girls that talk so big, know all the words—they're too smart. Now take those quiet ones that get sore if you say damn. I always had good luck with them." —CPL. LEN ZINBERG



"I want something nice to surprise a seal."

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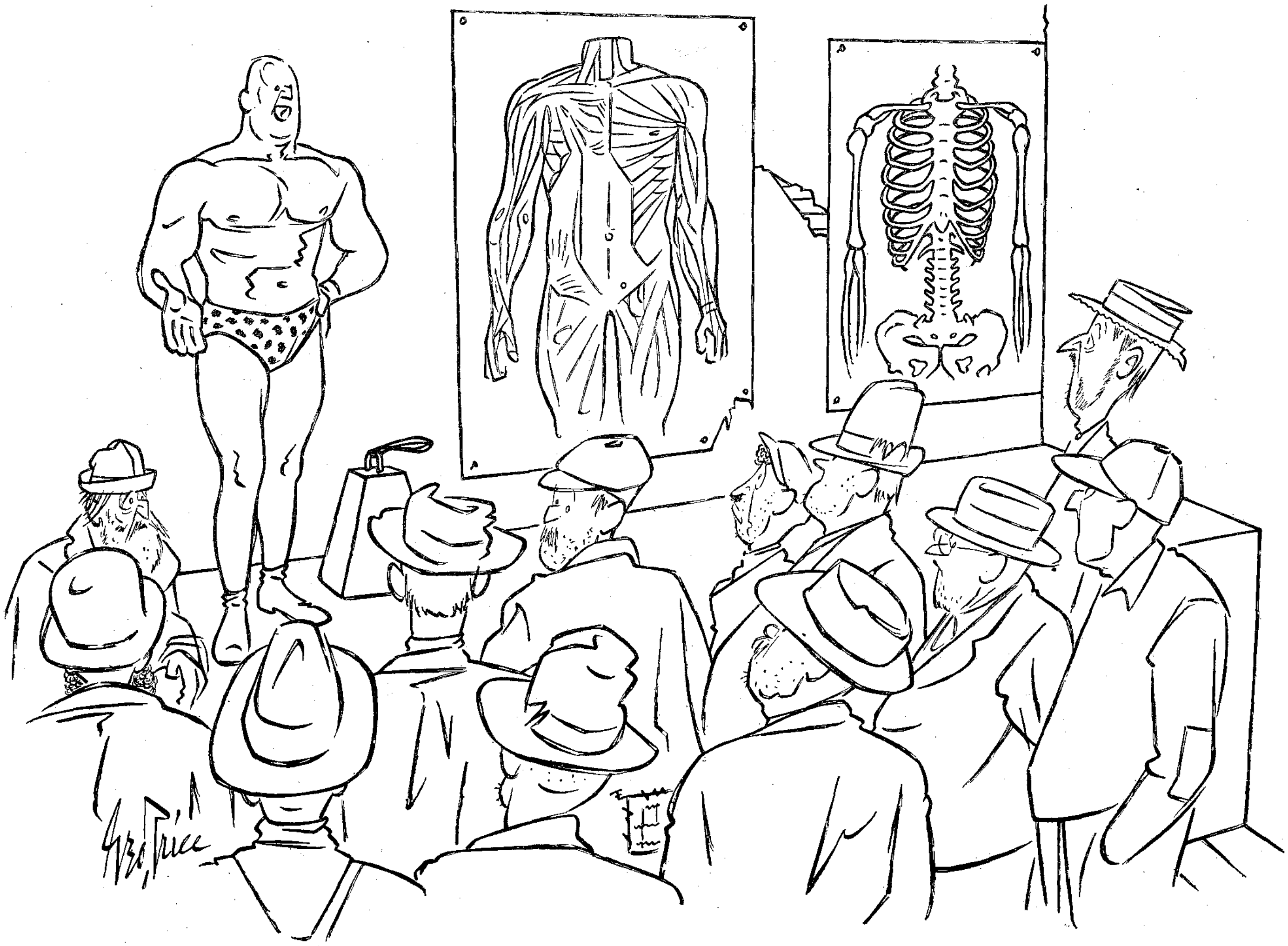
THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*From the Washington Post*]

The failure of a pump at the National Press Building, 14th and F sts. nw., shut off all water supplies after 1:30 p.m. yesterday in the building, which houses the National Press Club and many press associations and newspaper representatives.

Tenants of the building had to journey to nearby structures when they wanted to wash their hands, and it was reported that many of the diners at the Press Club were forced to drink beer and wine with their dinners.



"Before I begin, I must ask anyone engaged in an essential war industry to return to his job, as it is not my intention to interfere with the war effort."

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pronoun when referring to himself. This habit he had acquired as a result of frequent conversations with American passengers, who, as he put it, "were driving you crazy talking all the time of themselves. Nothing but I's and I's. *On en a assez.*"

My audition was perfunctory, no doubt owing to Maurice's recommendation. Monsieur Arnould sat down at the piano, I unpacked my violin, and Maurice took out his 'cello. We played the first twenty bars from the "Manon" fantasy, and Monsieur Arnould remarked that I sounded "*assez bien, un violoniste classique.*" Apparently I confirmed this flattering judgment by my performance of Kreisler's "Caprice Viennois," for Monsieur Arnould nodded in satisfaction, saying, "*Bon, bon.*" He wrote my name in a small, red-leather book and thus I became a full-fledged ship's musician.

I made a few transatlantic crossings as second violinist with Maurice aboard La Bourdonnais. Each time we got back to Paris, we would go to see Monsieur Arnould and report informally on our work. The world of the ship's musician is round and full of fun, and Monsieur Arnould was delighted with such bits of gossip as that the pianist aboard the Berengaria had been caught in a stateroom with a red-headed woman from Minneapolis; that aboard the Hapag liner Hamburg there was an idiotic brass band of *Musik-Kellner*, who waited on tables and, between *Sauerbraten, Klösse,* and *Rote Grütze*, blew the "Hohenfriedberger Marsch" and excerpts from "Rheingold;" that a new purser aboard the Statendam made the musicians get up and rehearse at 9 A.M., an unheard-of brutality; and that the 'cellist aboard the Majestic was robbed in a Hoboken bar.

ONE day in Paris—I had just completed my fourth transatlantic round trip and been promoted to first violinist aboard La Bourdonnais—I encountered at my hotel a dear friend, Franzl, from back home, in Prague. Franzl was in Paris on a three-week vacation, for which he had slaved and saved all year long. He was an underpaid clerk at the Prague Petschek bank, where he spent eight dull hours a day picking up the phone and supplying the customers of the bank with the latest New York Stock Exchange quotations. Bank clerks in Prague, as everywhere, have a lot of holidays. These Franzl spent at his piano. He was an excellent amateur pianist and the principal attraction at many musical parties which worried Prague matrons gave for their unmarried daughters. His specialty was a musical trick which fascinated his listeners. His audience would give him three widely different themes, such as the "Tannhäuser" Pilgerchor, "Vilia, Oh, Vilia," from "The Merry Widow," and "Yes! We Have No Bananas," and he would work them into a beau-

tiful improvisation, complete with counterpoint and a fugue at the end.

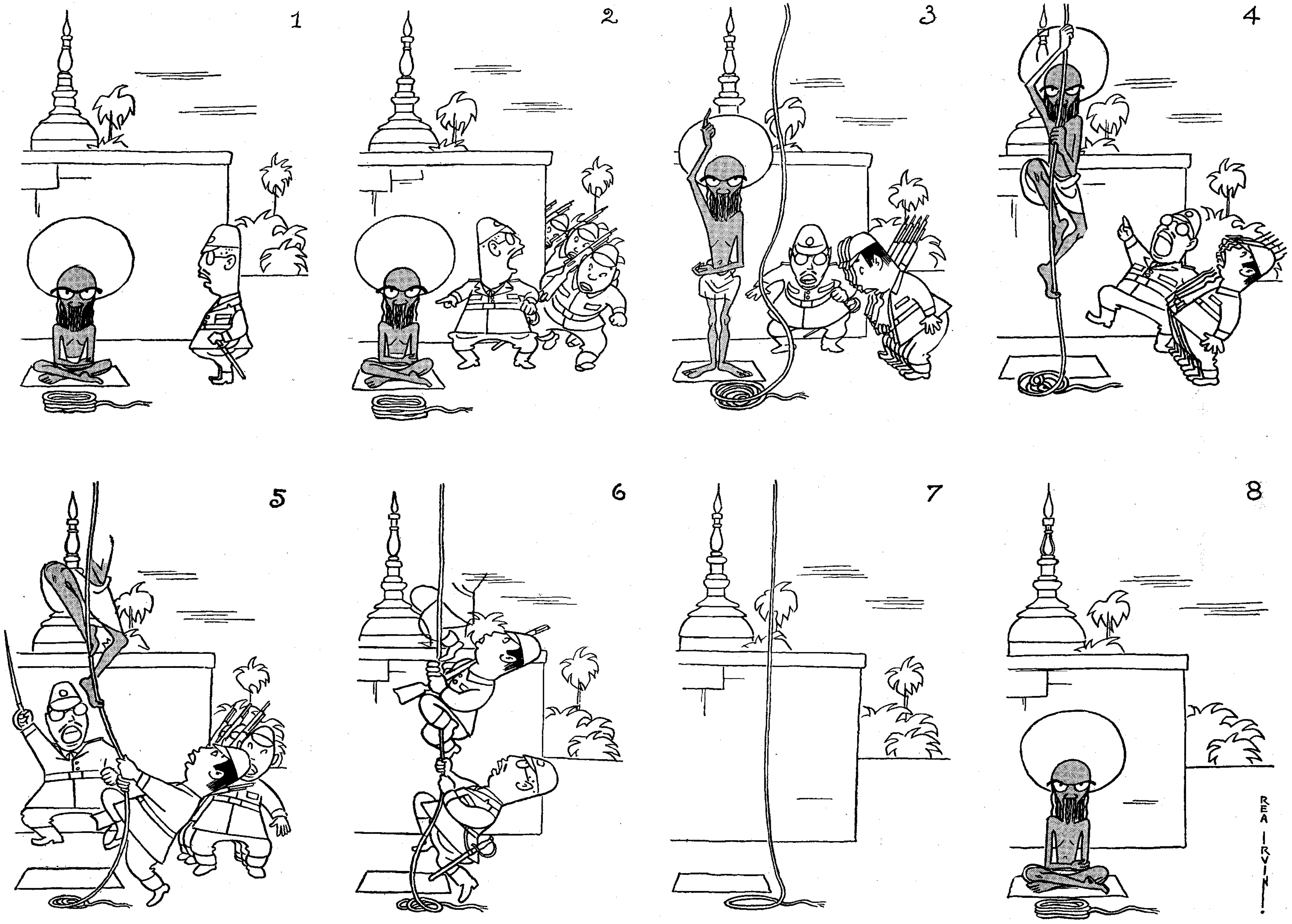
There was only one subject that fascinated Franzl more than music and that was Wall Street. Being on the receiving end of the New York quotations had filled him with an ardent desire to visit the sacred place where the market prices were being made. He searched the anterooms of all the dentists in Prague for old copies of American magazines and newspapers and clipped out all pictures of and references to Wall, Broad, Pine, and Nassau Streets. He had read so much about the financial district of Manhattan that he probably knew it better than many people who worked there. His room was full of photographs of the Stock Exchange, the Morgan bank, the Treasury, and the Irving Trust Building, and he owned, among other relics, a Manhattan telephone directory for spring, 1925, six inches of genuine New York ticker tape, envelopes of various New York brokerage firms, and two shares of United States Steel. He would have given his right hand to see Manhattan, and he told everyone of his desire to go there. His friends shrugged benevolently, and his boss, the *Herr Prokurist*, said rather pointedly that Prague bank clerks don't travel to America—that is, not unless they rob the vaults or defraud their clients.

The day before I met Franzl, Maurice and I had been to see Monsieur Arnould, who had told us that there was an opening for a pianist aboard the De Grasse, leaving the following night from Le Havre for New York. I talked to Maurice and we decided to take Franzl to Monsieur Arnould for an audition.

At Monsieur Arnould's apartment Franzl stammered dutifully that he had been through all the seven seas and Maurice recommended him as an old friend and a *pianiste classique*. Franzl was trembling with excitement—this was different from playing at the party of the *Herr Prokurist's* daughter; this was the great chance of his life to go to America and see Wall Street and even to get paid for it—and when Monsieur Arnould suggested that we all play the beginning of the "Manon" fantasy, he turned pale and lost his head. We had taken him to see Monsieur Arnould in a feverish hurry and I had forgotten to ask him if he knew "Manon." Unfortunately, it was one of the few pieces he had never played at the Prague matrons' parties. In the "Manon" fantasy the pianist begins first, playing trioles and, naturally, setting the tempo. Franzl didn't know the tempo and he didn't take a good look at the score. His mind was in lower Manhattan, not in "Manon"'s Paris. He hammered out the trioles twice as fast as prescribed. When Maurice and I joined him and tried to slow him down, he became completely lost and broke down. The rest was utter horror. Before long, Monsieur Arnould shook like a piece of jello and told us to stop, *nom de Dieu.*

"C'est assez," Monsieur Arnould said. *"On est dégouté. Dé-gou-té."*

It was very quiet in the room. Franzl, his forehead covered with perspiration, looked out of the open window at one side of the piano. For a moment I had the silly notion that he might jump out.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REA IRVIN

AUDITION

EVER since I was a violinist and orchestra leader aboard French Line ships in the late twenties and the early thirties, people have asked me how I happened to become a ship's musician, as though the making of a seafaring fiddler were more mysterious than the making of, say, an embalmer or a B.-M. T. motorman. The simple fact is that in those days in Paris there was always an opening with the French Line for an experienced instrumentalist who could produce a *certificat de bonnes mœurs* from the *commissariat de police,* pass the medical examination by the steamship line's doctor, and, above all, come successfully through *l'audition.* Many a poised and self-confident musician was mortally terrified of the audition. Candidates for a job aboard a French Line vessel had to audition before Monsieur Arnould, the musical director of the company, at his apartment, 36 Avenue Parmentier.

I went there one afternoon with Maurice, a genial, whimsical Alsatian 'cellist with whom I had worked at the Folies-Bergère, the Gaumont-Palace, and the Bal Chez Laboule, at Nogent-sur-Marne, a rustic establishment mainly frequented by somewhat battered lovelorn ladies from the capital. Maurice, an old hand at ocean crossings, wanted me as second violinist for his newly formed orchestra aboard La Bourdonnais, a decrepit French Line steamer of so little importance that she didn't even have a boat train. Maurice told me not to worry about the audition, since he happened to be a great friend of Monsieur Arnould. They had worked together in the old days aboard the Provence, Monsieur Arnould as bass player and *chef d'orchestre,* Maurice as first 'cellist. After twenty years of faithful musical service to the passengers of the French Line, Monsieur Arnould had been retired from sea duty and made musical director in charge of personnel.

A narrow, winding *escalier en limaçon* led up to Monsieur Arnould's apartment, on the fourth floor. The waxed wooden stairs were as slippery as ice, quite a problem for Maurice, who was carrying his 'cello and had had a number of apéritifs and *digestifs,* with some *demies, bocks,* and glasses of wine for good measure. Twice he stumbled over his instrument and almost broke his neck. The staircase smelled of onion soup, and between the second and third floor we met a tall, cool blonde coming down. She gave Maurice an encouraging smile out of the corner of her almond-shaped eyes. He whirled around and would have followed her if I hadn't blocked his way. At last I got him up to the fourth floor. The bell beside the Arnould door didn't work, and Maurice raised his fist and hammered a melody from Massenet's "Manon" on the door. "Watch the rhythm," he said to me. "Arnould is crazy about 'Manon.' " A fat, smiling, perfunctorily made-up lady in a silk dressing gown opened the door and exclaimed with delight as she saw my friend. Maurice hugged her fondly, introduced her as Madame Arnould, and we went in. Madame said Monsieur Arnould would be in right away.

The music room was large and bright. There was an upright piano in one corner, next to a large window, and a harmonium in the opposite corner. Two of the four walls were covered with a peculiar collection of instruments—a violin with bow, a clarinet, a banjo, a tenor saxophone, a bombardon, a trumpet, an English horn, a viola d'amore, and an instrument identified by Maurice as a Japanese samisen. These instruments were traps for wise guys who didn't bring their instruments, hoping to get away without an audition—except, that is, for the viola d'amore and the samisen, which were purely ornamental.

The other two walls of the room had a distinctly nautical flavor. There were pictures of the great steamers aboard which Monsieur Arnould had worked in his earlier days: the Leviathan, Majestic, Aquitania, Provence, and the France, her four funnels proudly smoking, including the one that was a dummy. On the piano was a small model of the Capitol at Washington and an ebony elephant of the sort that was cynically displayed and sold on Victoria Street in Colombo as "genuine Ceylonese" in spite of the imprint on the bottom—"Made in Czechoslovakia."

MONSIEUR ARNOULD made an impressive entrance through a side door. He was a formidable, huge, heavy man and as he moved through the room the instruments on the walls trembled softly. He had a carefully trimmed Vandyke beard and wore striped trousers, a cutaway, and a mariner's cap. A thick gold chain, from which was suspended an enormous black stone, dangled over his stomach. He looked as though he had walked out of a Rembrandt painting. Had he been dressed in dirty dungarees, unshaven, and carrying a half-emptied bottle of gin, it would have been easy to visualize him as the skipper of a pirate schooner running his sinister craft between Hong Kong and Macao for the benefit of the old Vitaphone company. He shook hands with us and gave me a broad grin. As musicians grow old, they often begin to resemble the instrument they play. Violinists look moody and wear their hair almost half as long as that of their bow; flautists are gaunt and nervous; bass-tuba players, full of beer, have shiny, pink, broad, tubalike faces. Monsieur Arnould had something of the jovial, placid dignity of the bull fiddle. There was a photograph on one wall, hanging next to the smoking France, which showed him amidst a crowd of early-century lovelies with wasplike waists and enormous hats covered with zoos and flower gardens, and I remembered Maurice's saying that Monsieur Arnould had been a great success with *les Américaines* on their way to Europe without their husbands.

Monsieur Arnould asked me if I had travelled aboard ships and I said, according to Maurice's instructions, "Through all the seven seas, Monsieur," a stock phrase which reportedly never missed its effect on the musical director in charge of personnel. The statement was not entirely true. My only ocean experience had been a half-hour trip between Marseilles and the Château d'If, where I had gone to look at the gloomy cell of Edmond Dantès.

Monsieur Arnould nodded and casually took up a few sheets of music from a large, disorderly pile on the floor beside the piano. He handed me a crumpled, much-used one. *"On commence avec la 'Manon' fantaisie,"* he said. Monsieur Arnould always used the indefinite

There was a faraway, defeated look in his eyes. Goodbye, Wall Street, Pine, and Nassau. Gone the dream of a lifetime. Goodbye, America.

Monsieur Arnould cleared his throat, but Maurice spoke up first. "I was telling the boys about the old days when we both played at the Cirque," he said. "About how every time Madame Desdemona, *La Reine du Far-Ouest*, made her spectacular leap across the backs of three white horses, the orchestra would stop and there was only a fast beating of the drums. Until that night when she turned you down, *mon vieux*. We were all silent, with the drums beating furiously, when you made a horrible glissando on the D string of your contrabass. The third horse got wild and ran away and Madame Desdemona fell down flat in the sand."

I had heard this story again and again and it had always had its effect on Monsieur, but this time he remained silent and hostile. He shrugged. "*On est très pressé*," he said coolly. "*Il faut s'en aller. Il faut chercher un pianiste.*" It was 3 P.M. and the De Grasse was sailing at midnight.

Franzl got up, a prematurely aged man, from his seat and wiped his forehead and Maurice and I packed our instruments. Nobody spoke a word. We went down the stairs with Monsieur Arnould, who had exchanged his mariner's cap for a black derby. He kept away from Franzl as though my friend were a leper. To Monsieur Arnould, not to know "Manon" was a crime worse than robbing the Banque de France. As we reached the street, hot and sleepy in the glaring afternoon sunlight, Maurice pointed at the Brasserie Parmentier, a shabby little establishment across from Arnould's house. "It's hot," Maurice said, putting a finger under his collar. "Let's go over there and have a *bock*."

"Why don't we go to the Renaissance instead?" I asked. The Café de la Renaissance, near the Porte St. Martin, was the musicians' favorite downtown café, where they met friends, found jobs, and had unlimited credit.

Maurice gave me a furious look. "Shut up," he said, without his customary restraint. "I'm thirsty." He led us straight into the back room, where the temperature was even higher than outside. "It's much cooler in here," he said, and gave me a wink. I was completely mystified, but I didn't say anything. There were no guests at that early-afternoon hour. An old waiter dozed at a table in the rear. Standing a couple of feet out from the rear wall was an upright electric piano of a relatively modern type. Maurice shook the waiter and ordered beer for everybody, and then more beer. For a while we kept the old waiter busy running for more *bocks*. After the fifth or sixth glass, Monsieur Arnould reminded Maurice of the circus lion that couldn't stand the sound of a flageolet and how Maurice had produced a flageolet and played it at the end of the lion act while the orchestra was playing Sousa's "El Capitán." The lion had grown fractious and refused to jump through a burning hoop and the lion tamer, a phony from the Argentine, had got frightened and made a sudden exit, walking backward out of the cage.

Maurice said, "And what about *la petite femme* that we found in your double-bass case, *mon vieux?* She didn't wear four bass strings. She didn't even have on a single G string."

Monsieur Arnould drank his beer and nodded moodily. "She had a throaty voice," he said. "When she laughed, there were dimples in her cheeks." He sighed and Maurice said gravely, "Let's drink to her memory." We ordered another round of *bocks* and drank to the memory of *la petite femme* in the double-bass case. Monsieur Arnould opened his stiff collar, stretched out his long legs, and leaned back comfortably. The derby fell down over his eyes. He hummed "*Ah! Fuyez, douce image*" from "Manon" and, using his cane as a baton, conducted an imaginary orchestra. Maurice beckoned to me, winked, and pointed to Franzl, who sat motionless at the other side of the table, pale and as unhappy as a seasick yogi. Maurice whistled softly through his teeth, a sure sign that he was up to something. I didn't care. I felt too unhappy about Franzl's bad luck. It was unbearably hot, and I was tired and wanted to get out of the place.

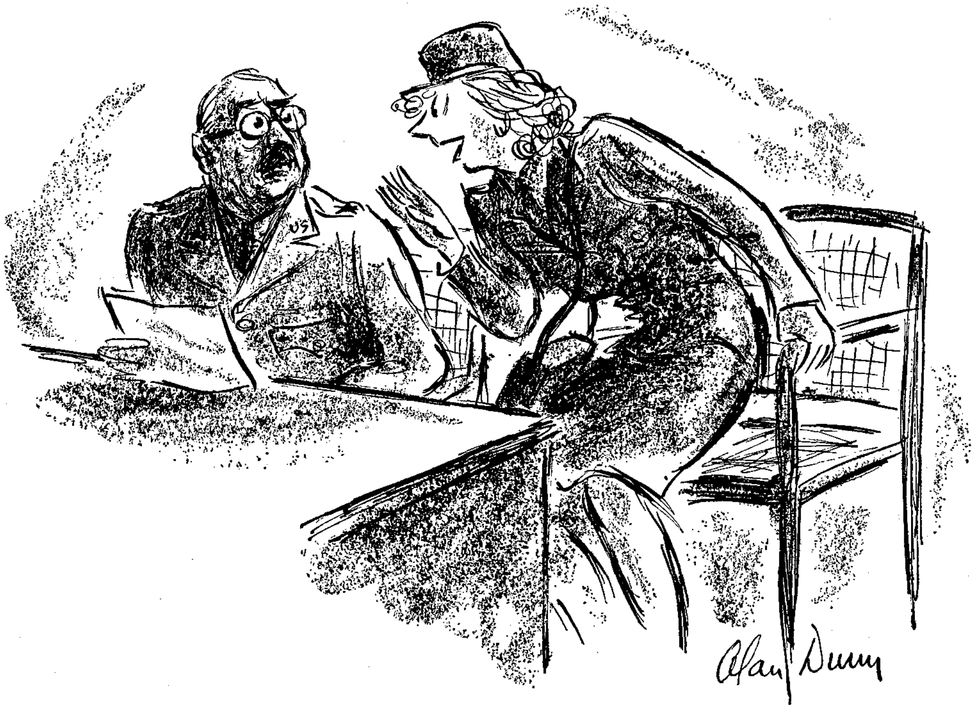
Maurice got up and tiptoed over to the electric piano. Beside the instrument was a small table with a heap of perforated rolls, the piano's repertoire. Maurice selected a roll and put it into the piano. I looked at Monsieur Arnould, whose head was tilted sideward. He was asleep. Maurice pulled on a lever at the back of the piano, then came over to Franzl. "Get over there and sit down at the piano," Maurice said, in a whisper. "I put in the 'Manon' roll. It's a lousy reproduction, but the tempo is correct. Exactly the way Arnould likes it."

Franzl raised his head and stared at Maurice with an empty, forlorn expression. Maurice became impatient. "Sit at the piano, you fool, and act as though you were playing. Just try to go through the motions. Haven't you ever played on a dumb piano?"

I said, "If Arnould finds out—"

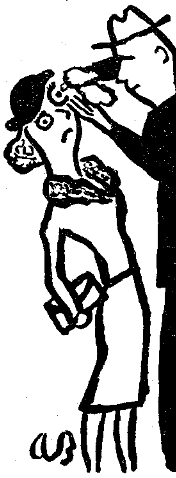
"Don't worry," Maurice said. "He's had six *bocks*. He'll be half asleep, anyway."

Franzl staggered over to the piano



"That is the official message, sir, but wait—you don't know the half of it!"

and sat down, a study in bewilderment. Maurice tried to wake up Monsieur Arnould. *"Ecoute, mon vieux!"* he shouted. "We've got to get a man for the De Grasse. She can't sail without a pianist."



The French Line's musical director grunted and rubbed his eyes, very disgusted with the world and himself. Maurice bent down and spoke in a soft, suggestive voice, trying the child-and-drunk approach. "Why don't you give that man Franzl another chance? He got frightened up there. Let him try 'Manon' once more, will you?"

Monsieur Arnould yawned and said, *"Mince alors.* He didn't know the tempo, *l'éspèce d'imbécile. On s'en fiche."*

"There's a piano right behind you," Maurice said. "Keep your seat and listen. If I'm not right, I'll buy you ten *bocks*. You don't want to run around Paris on a hot afternoon looking for a pianist."

Monsieur Arnould grunted again and wiped his mouth with the back of one hand. Maurice walked over to the piano and pushed another lever. I kept my eye on Monsieur Arnould. There was a noise like an empty barrel rolling down the cellar steps and the trioles of the "Manon" fantasy came out, battered and metallic, but definitely in the correct tempo. Franzl was trying desperately to adjust the speed of his fingers to the sounds. It took him a while to get used to the rubati of the electric piano, but soon the illusion of his playing the instrument became convincing.

Monsieur Arnould tilted his derby to the back of his head and turned around heavily. He looked at Franzl with, it seemed, new interest. He shook his head and murmured, *"Pas mal, pas mal du tout."* By now Franzl was doing a job of synchronization that might have fooled even Toscanini if he had drunk six *bocks* on a hot summer afternoon. Monsieur Arnould nodded happily and raised his hand. *"C'est assez,"* he said. *"Tiens—vous êtes un pianiste classique. Vous êtes engagé."*

Franzl took his hands off the keyboard, but the piano went on playing, so he quickly put his hands on the keyboard again. Arnould repeated, *"C'est assez,"* waved his derby, and turned his back to the piano. Franzl, in despair, looked for the lever to stop it, his eyes wild, while the damned piano kept on grinding out more "Manon." Maurice jumped behind the piano and fumbled with the lever that was supposed to stop the piano. It seemed to be stuck. We are through, I thought. Franzl will never get his job and Maurice and I will lose ours. Maurice lost patience with the lever and viciously kicked the piano with his right foot. There was a crash and then silence.

Monsieur Arnould started and said, "What's that?"

"The loose pedal always falls down," Maurice called out. He came over to Monsieur Arnould. "Didn't I tell you the man is good?" he asked.

Monsieur Arnould nodded. He twisted his head around and addressed Franzl. "How about Chopin?" he asked. "Do you play Chopin? The études? And more beer. Four *bocks!"* he roared toward the front room.

Franzl's face had a broad, relaxed grin. Chopin was his oyster. He knew by heart many of the études, nocturnes, valses, mazurkas, and preludes. He got set to launch himself into the sweeping passages of the Opus 10, No. 12 étude, but as soon as his fingers touched the keyboard, he turned pale. The ivories were stuck and no sound came out of the piano. Apparently Maurice had done a thorough job of destruction. Franzl hammered down desperately on the keyboard, his lips thin and grim, but there was no sound, Chopin or otherwise. This time the arrival of the old waiter, carrying four *bocks*, saved the situation. Monsieur Arnould drank his and my glass. There followed the usual noble argument as to who should pay for the beer and Chopin got lost in the shuffle.

FRANZL left for Le Havre on the 7 P.M. boat train. Monsieur Arnould, Maurice, and I saw him off at the Gare St. Lazare. I'll never forget Franzl's face as he looked down at us from the window of his car, flushed with happiness. "So long, *mon vieux*, give my regards to Wall Street!" Maurice cried as the train pulled out.

Monsieur Arnould decided to see Maurice and me off, so the three of us took a cab to the Gare d'Orléans, where the train for Bordeaux was to leave at nine. Roger, our new second violin, and Dimitrij, our Russian piano player, were already waiting. Monsieur Arnould had completely recovered from the afternoon's party and was his old self again. We marched through the station, led by Monsieur Arnould, who carried his derby aloft on top of his cane, like a banner, walking erect and with a powerful stride. Roger and I held our violin cases shoulder-arms fashion, and Dimitrij carried the big drums and beat them as we marched out to the platform. Maurice, with his 'cello, formed the rear end of the column, singing a horrible Arabian ditty, which I hope nobody understood. People stopped talking and stared after us in amazement. We took noisy possession of our first-class compartment, and Maurice sent the second violinist for the dining-car waiter.

Monsieur Arnould sat down in a corner, breathing heavily. He took out a cigar and thoughtfully bit off its end. *"Votre ami,* François—he was very happy to go to America, was he?" he asked me.

I remained silent, nonplussed by the unexpected question.

Maurice came to my help. "Sure he was. Who wouldn't be glad to leave Paris for a couple of weeks in this damned heat?"

"One likes to see people happy," Monsieur Arnould said thoughtfully, and lighted his cigar. "But that was not a very good one you tried to pull on me this afternoon, Maurice. *Non.* The electric piano wasn't half as good as the one about the lion and the flageolet. You are slipping, *mon vieux."* He showed his broad, double-basslike smile. *"Enfin, on s'en fiche pas mal,"* he said.

The second violinist appeared with the dining-room steward and Monsieur Arnould ordered *cinq bocks*.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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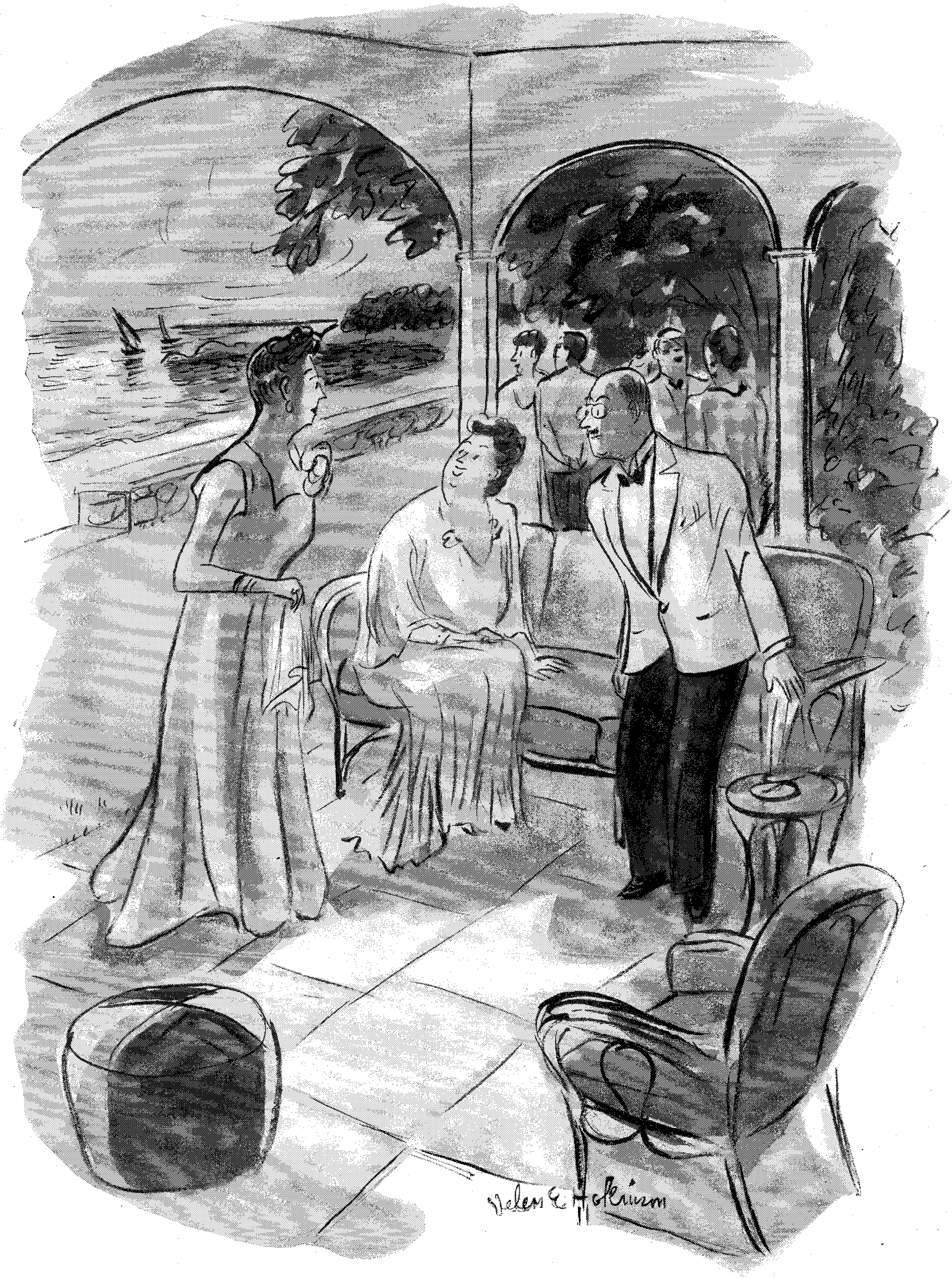
ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[From *"Life Is Too Short,"* by *C. Kay-Scott*]

Who, after once being in the tropics, has not thought upon, and longed for in his secret heart, a clean beach, which never has mosquitoes, with ever cooling wind from the lazy ocean, music of the constant waves, and palms like slender girls with waving green hair (even palms so far away you cannot discern their stems remind you of emerald humming-birds), where life is perfect beneath the tropic sun and moon, and the southern cross like a diamond pendant set askew in the sky? I always grow lyrical on the subject of coconut palms. But to get back to the Singer Sewing Machine Company and its business, with which I was charged.


Helen E. Hokinson

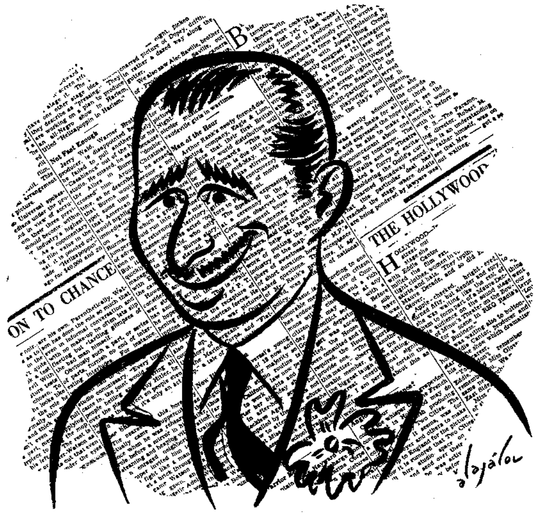
"I thought you said there weren't any fascinating men left in Oyster Bay."

PROFILES

PUBLIC RELATIONS—I

THE map of North America is dotted with towns named after novels. The trend started long ago. In Elk County, Pennsylvania, there is a Rasselas, named after Dr. Johnson's novel, which came off the presses in 1759. Sir Walter Scott is in a class by himself as a godfather of American communities. Handy-sized maps show seven Ivanhoes, fifteen Woodstocks, twenty-one Montroses, twenty-three Waverleys, and a scattering of Rob Roys, Kenilworths, and Midlothians. Despite the faint aura of lunacy about the old gentleman, Mr. Pickwick gave his name to towns in Mississippi, Minnesota, and Texas. Thackeray landed with Pendennis, Kansas; Bulwer-Lytton with Rienzi, Mississippi; Charles Kingsley with Westward Ho, Alberta. Lew Wallace is represented by four Ben Hurs, Helen Hunt Jackson by three Ramonas. There are Trilbys in Ohio and Florida. Anthony Hope put the mythical kingdom on the map. After his "The Prisoner of Zenda" came out in 1894, Zendas sprang up in Wisconsin, Utah, Kansas, and Ontario. The Zenda in Ontario seems to be the only town that ever had much excitement because it had a literary name.

The stir at Zenda began when a stranger arrived there in the middle of August, 1937, with a strange line of talk. All the inhabitants, twelve in number, were haying. The stranger had picked the worst time of the year for visiting Zenda. It is a cheese-making community. Between haying and dairying, everybody was on double duty. The stranger tried to explain that he wanted the whole town to fly to New York for the première of a motion picture called "The Prisoner of Zenda," but the only response was "Please go away." He hunted up a telephone and called Russell Birdwell in Hollywood. "Everybody in Zenda thinks I'm crazy," he reported. That was bad news for Birdwell, who was then publicity man for David O. Selznick, producer of "The Prisoner of Zenda." A newcomer among the Hollywood publicity wizards, Birdwell couldn't afford to waste ideas. He dropped everything and flew to Canada himself.



Russell Birdwell

Birdwell had learned of the existence of Zenda, Ontario, from a biography of Anthony Hope. His first thought was to hold the celebration there. His second was to fly its entire population to New York for the première. Lions, chimpanzees, governors, and senators had been flown to premières, but no town had ever been flown to one. Birdwell had watched the filming of "The Prisoner of Zenda" with growing enthusiasm. For weeks he had lived in an atmosphere of ermine and daggers. He couldn't visualize the town of Zenda, Ontario, except through a haze of romance. The least he expected was something like Gogol's aristocratic village, where even the peasant's pig carried itself with the air of a nobleman. On his arrival at Zenda, Birdwell was thunderstruck to find the hayers and cheese makers utterly indifferent to their connection with Anthony Hope's pint-pot kingdom. For two days his talk of flying the town to the première received no encouragement, but on the third day he noticed a gleam in the eye of a young Zendaite named Fewster. That gleam reappeared at every mention of the loveliness on display in the night-club floor shows in New York. As a lawyer concentrates on the one subject which awakens sympathy in a member of a hostile jury, Birdwell hammered away at the weak spot which had appeared in young Fewster. The publicity man's conversation teemed with improbable women. Young Fewster was converted. He converted his family, and they converted the rest of the town. All Zenda—seven men and five women—flew to New York for the opening of the mythical-kingdom picture and stayed a week at the St. Moritz, seeing the sights and visiting the hot spots of the really mythical kingdom of New York. One of the visitors discovered the modern Aladdin's lamp—just pick up a telephone, say "Room Service," and you get anything you want. He made the genie bring him one Orange Blossom, then two, then a whole trayful. At this point Zenda was reassembled for the homeward flight.

NEWSPAPERMEN might have resented the Zenda incident a few years before. They used to dislike "free advertising" and to regard any manufactured event as a "fake." They expected news items to pop up without ulterior motives. They had had comparatively little experience with the modern synthetic incident, which is genuine in every respect except that it was decreed by a press agent instead of by fate. Old-time editors would be surprised at the journalism of today, in which the wild natural event and the carefully cultivated event are about equally numerous and have about equal standing in newspaper offices. The camera has had a good deal to do with the change. Wild natural events are seldom accompanied by photographs of Powers models and Hollywood stars. Publicity men have risen in a little more than a generation from quacks and gold-brick artists to policy makers of industry and government. The most spectacular private individual in America, Henry J. Kaiser, has based his career on equally great gifts for production and publicity. An up-to-date board of directors is as likely to choose a new president for his public-relations training as for his abilities as a production man, money raiser, lobbyist, or salesman. Hollywood is a natural home for creative talent in this field, as it is a gambling table where millions of dollars are frequently at stake on the outcome of publicity coups. Some of the earlier publicity men had trouble because they failed to discriminate between the hoax and the manufactured incident. The most famous press agent during the transition period was Harry Reichenbach. In 1919, he collected eight Turks from the streets of New York, dressed them in used costumes from a Shubert failure, put them up at the Hotel Majestic, and ordered them to tell reporters that they had come from Stamboul on a worldwide search for a missing virgin named Sari. Two or three days later, advertisements announced Priscilla Dean's opening in a movie called "The Virgin of Stamboul." This was an out-and-out hoax, aggravated by the fact that the press agent boasted that he had made fools of the newspapers. Reichenbach came closer to modern publicity methods when he smuggled a lion in a piano box into the apartment of a man who had registered at the Belleclaire Hotel as "T. R. Zann" just before a Tarzan picture came out. This episode had a certain amount of integrity. The lion was real and it had shared a hotel suite with a man. But the man's name was not "T. R. Zann." Modern publicity men won't fake names or details. They may be Munchausens in the implications, but they are Mommsens in the facts. They love authenticity as addicts love dope.

The facts of a Birdwell incident were once questioned. It had been announced that the Southern accent of Margaret Tallichet, a starlet and a Birdwell client, had been insured for a million dollars. There was a demand to see the policy. The document was produced. It was a standard Lloyd's contract, with every "whereas" in its proper place. The protection was absolute, and Miss Tallichet could unquestionably have collected a cool million had she lost her charming Dallas accent at any time within the life of the contract. But the life of the contract was only twenty-four hours. This is the kind of authenticity that is a mania with all good modern press agents. They are as fond of exactitude as was Samuel Butler, who said, "I do not mind lying, but I hate inaccuracy."

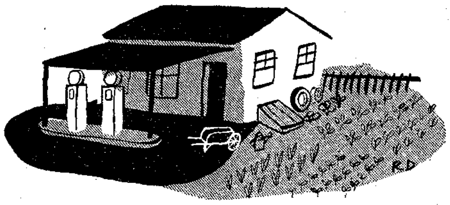
Publicity is no mere luxury for Hollywood personalities. It is as indispensable to them as the ice cakes were to Eliza. The biggest stars are only a few jumps ahead of public indifference, and the lesser ones often disappear so suddenly that they never know what struck them. Without any warning, the public gets amnesia and can't remember the name of yesterday's idol. If the epidemic spreads to the studio executives, the star's case is desperate. A synthetic event doesn't automatically put an amnesia victim back into prominence. To be successful, the event must be interesting enough to become a general topic of conversation and to reach movie executives as the spontaneous chatter of the people. Producers should get the impression that the hero or heroine of the tailor-made episode is the table talk of millions. The client is then in a position to be considered for one of the next good spots.

Universities reek with authenticity, and they figure importantly in Birdwell incidents. Martha Scott is a Birdwell client. One day an advertising class of the University of California at Los Angeles came out with a petition to Miss Scott. The members of the class reported that they had been trying to keep their minds on the subject of packaging and labelling, but that their minds had excusably wandered to the subject of Martha Scott, so they had to work on the two subjects simultaneously. The result of their combined studies was the conclusion that their dream girl was wrongly packaged. "Martha Scott," they asserted, was not the most appetizing label for such appetizing contents. They begged the actress to accept their researches in the modern science of how to make groceries move off the shelves—to discard the name of Martha Scott and to adopt a new label worthy of such an exciting product. The star rejected the petition, eloquently defended both "Martha" and "Scott," and denied that she was to be governed by the rules that applied to the marketing of soap powder and breakfast food. The controversy was illustrated by photographs of Miss Scott in the newest bathing suits and cocktail ensembles. Miss Scott had engaged Birdwell because she had been

"I place that guy now! I saw him knocked stiffer than a mackerel at the old Pioneer Athletic Club in Long Island City."

suddenly and mysteriously forgotten. Though she had apparently done well in the pictures for a while, public amnesia hit her like lightning. Birdwell considered her name partly responsible for her oblivion trouble. Brooding on the subject, he got the idea of staging a battle over her name under imposing academic auspices. The controversy caused plenty of talk. The talk finally reached high places, and when a leading lady was needed a few days later in one of the studios, somebody said, "Maybe we can get Martha Scott." Within a short time there was a fairly brisk demand for her services.

There is nothing more authentic than the judiciary, and it has had distinguished rôles in Birdwell's publicity. He used the judiciary to confer fame and fortune on K. T. Stevens. Miss Stevens was formerly Gloria Wood, daughter of Sam Wood, one of the ablest movie directors. Her father had tried to launch her on a movie career, but Hollywood refused to notice her. The trouble, as Birdwell diagnosed it, was that she had lived too long in Hollywood and had become well known there. One of the chief weaknesses of Hollywood is the Columbus complex. The best minds there suffer from the "discovery" mania. It usually takes the form of long, rambling stories about how the old magic eye lit on a waitress in a lunchwagon, or on an understudy in a New England barn, and instantly saw million-dollar grosses. It is practically an unwritten law that no discoverer can say "Bingo" unless his find comes from obscure surroundings or a distant point, and therefore a wide circle of acquaintances in Hollywood is the worst possible handicap to a youngster trying to get into the pictures. The average magic eye can't see a million-dollar gross in a familiar face. It takes a real genius to discover somebody at his elbow. Miss Wood had picked the name of Katherine Stevens for herself. Birdwell didn't like it, but, on hearing her called "Katie," he concocted an incident which made her nationally known and started her on a promising career. He had her name changed not to Katherine Stevens or to Katie Stevens but to K. T. Stevens. This made her unique—the only girl in the world who had initials that didn't stand for anything. In order to load the news with authenticity, Birdwell hired two noted constitutional lawyers and had the legal end of the affair handled as if it were another Alabama Claims case or an attempt to break the will of Andrew Mellon. The court solemnities were illustrated by glamorous pictures of the petitioner and fine tributes to her talent. Her reason for changing her name, it was stated, was her unwillingness to trade on her father's name. She became a much-talked-of character and received many offers. She accepted the lead in "My Sister Eileen" with a touring company at a thousand dollars a week and has since done well in pictures. Birdwell was hired to "introduce" her. It took him three weeks to "introduce" her. Her father paid Birdwell's fee of twenty thousand dollars without a murmur.



BIRDWELL used eighteen authentic United States senators in a synthetic event involving Dick Powell. The actor had been suffering from galloping public amnesia. Birdwell's first step was to demonstrate that Powell was still alive by having him mobbed in several Eastern theatres. Harry Reichenbach once caused Francis X. Bushman to be mobbed by stuffing Bushman's pockets with nickels, which leaked out through small holes. This wasn't necessary in the case of Powell, as crowds are now always available to mob any Hollywood figure who is placed at their

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WE HAVE BECOME SOLDIERS

We have become soldiers, conditioned to time of war:
secure in our uniform shell and established rank,
knowing whom to salute and saluting, regarding the blank
accredited days as gaps to be filled with obedience and nothing more.

The men we were before have vanished on
parade grounds, troopships, beachheads. In far places
with strange irrelevant names, we have left faces
behind of those we knew and slept beside, irretrievably lost and gone.

When there is time we think of our old lives—
during nights when the air in tents grows close and thick
and the louse bite of remembrance drives us sick
for the old orbits, for objects left behind, sometimes for wives.

Meanwhile we live as soldiers, patiently,
awaiting the day when the radios all shout
the signal for us to come sailing out
of the prolonged dream from all the corners of the sea

to march back to free beers in bars, to lights
blazing on the housetops as before,
to hear the shouting rise to a great roar
and find the town our own for several glorious consecutive nights.

But when the bells have all been rung, the girls gone home,
we shall still be standing in the squares,
lost upon the public thoroughfares,
mustered out into the world we saved, and having to go back alone.

We shall lean against the railings with our hands in our pockets
and watch the streets being cleared of ticker tape,
the bunting being burned, the flags put away,
kicking with our listless feet at the spent cardboard hulls of the rockets.

Soldiers, strangers: something in us will have died.
After the drills, the passes for furloughs, and
the maneuvers, the convoys, and the landings, planned
with orders explicit and definite, nothing implied,

how can we then make decisions who have so well unlearned to decide?

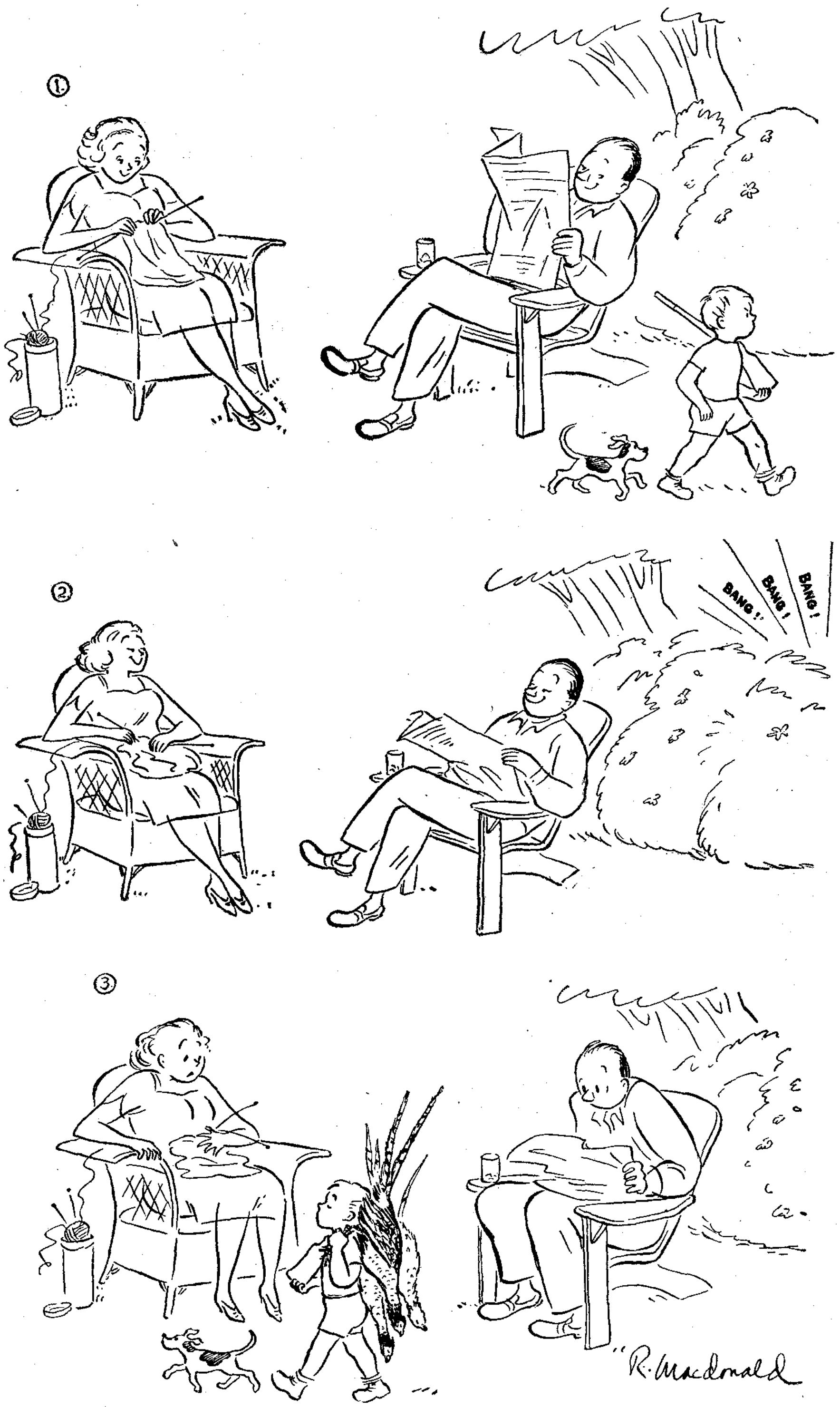
—EDWARD FENTON

• •

disposal. Birdwell learned that Powell was a native of Arkansas. That started a train of thought. Myer P. Beck, Birdwell's New York representative, went to Washington and called on Senator Hattie Caraway of Arkansas in the Senate Office Building. She was very much engaged at the time in trying to find a four-letter word for "Winged Victory." Beck said, "Nike," and a beautiful friendship sprang up on the spot. The Senator was delighted at the suggestion of her giving a luncheon for the Arkansas star. Seventeen other senators attended and eighteen speeches were made. Every speech described Arkansas's history and boundless natural resources, including Dick Powell. Senator Tom Connally described the trails which had connected Texas and Arkansas from the days of the explorers to the days of Dick Powell. The fact was brought out that Arkansas is the only one of the forty-eight states that has diamond mines. After a blaze of senatorial and mob publicity, Powell returned to Hollywood and has been busy ever since.

History and geography are also extremely authentic. When Lillian Gish became a client of his, Birdwell put history to work for her. She and D. W. Griffith visited the spot where "The Birth of a Nation" was filmed, and they made the front pages with their sensational reminiscences. Becoming a topic of conversation, Miss Gish got two movie rôles at seventy-five thousand dollars each. Geography, however, didn't work as well as history. When Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., became a client, Birdwell wired the mayor of Fairbanks, Alaska, proposing that the town change its name to Fairbanks, Jr. There was no reply.

There is no more authentic basis for publicity than a president or a king. President Roosevelt figured in Janet Gaynor's publicity when she was a Birdwell client. All the wire services carried the Chief Executive's comment that Miss Gaynor was "cute as a button" when she visited the White House in connection with some work for the Warm Springs Foundation. George VI and Edward VIII have also made Birdwell's press releases. The present monarch of England got in on the publicity for "The Prisoner of Zenda." Most of the statesmen and courtiers in the vest-pocket kingdom were actually English actors, and they held a solemn coronation party in Hollywood in honor of the king. The Duke of Windsor figured in the buildup for the movie of "The Garden of Allah." Discovering that Robert Hichens, the author of the novel, was not only still alive but was living at a villa called the Garden of Allah in Egypt, Birdwell told his telephone operator to get him instantly. He spent nearly half an hour abusing the inefficiency of the telephone service before the connection was made. When Hichens finally answered, Birdwell told him that David O. Selznick had just finished making "The Garden of Allah," starring Marlene Dietrich. The novelist didn't give a damn. He was, however, insatiably curious about the weather in Los Angeles and made Birdwell spend the better part of forty-five minutes describing it. Birdwell kept trying to explain that, for publicity purposes, he wanted Hichens to invite the Duke and Duchess of Windsor to spend their honeymoon at the Garden of Allah, but the novelist kept praising the climate of Egypt, jeering at that of Los Angeles, and exclaiming, "Oh, the weather here's great for one's arthritis!" After



"Oh, come now, 'fess up!"

forty-five minutes, Birdwell hung up, believing himself defeated. A few days later, however, the news services announced that the Duke and Duchess were considering honeymooning at the Garden of Allah in Egypt at the invitation of Hichens. The plan didn't go through, but the cables on the subject helped to fix the title of the forthcoming picture in the American mind.

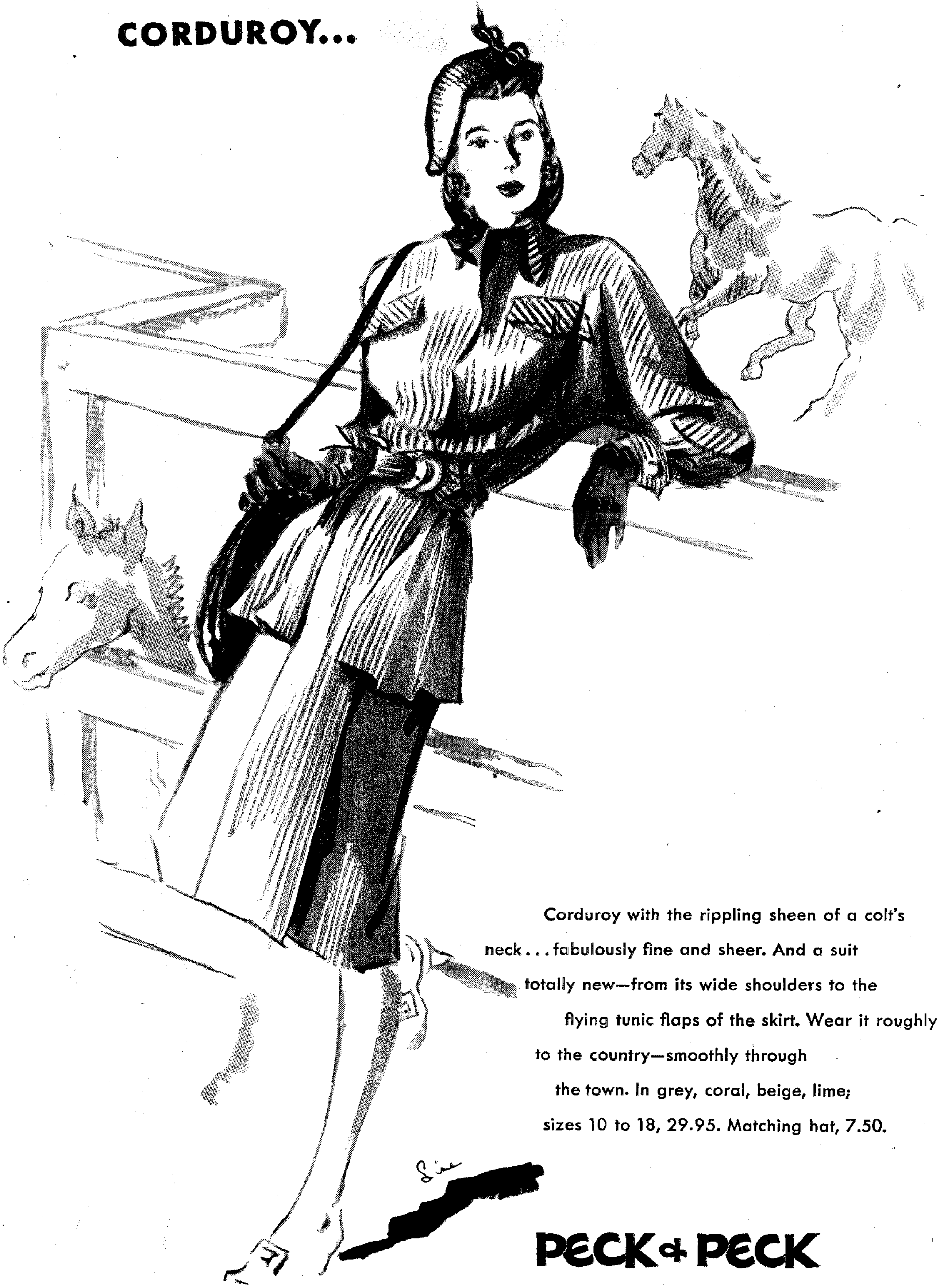
Birdwell has a great reverence for officialdom in every form, from kings down to town councilmen and even to pseudo-officials like chamber-of-commerce committeemen. It would be hard to find a greater title worshipper than Birdwell when he has his working clothes on. He filled the royal coaches of Zenda with local officials and politicians and ran off a street procession just before the West Coast première of "The Prisoner of Zenda" at Sid Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood. He used even humbler local bureaucrats to give an authentic official touch to a mob scene at the ceremonious burying of the hatchet by Hollywood and Culver City. The two municipalities had been locked in a fierce feud. Culver City had claimed that its studios turned out more and better pictures than Hollywood studios and that Hollywood got all the credit. Birdwell induced the officials of the two towns to bury the hatchet in soft cement in the forecourt of the Chinese Theatre. Governor Merriam was imported from Sacramento to preside over the reconciliation. The entire standing army of Zenda was drawn up in battle array. The front of the theatre was covered with announcements of the "Zenda" première the following day, so that it was impossible to take a picture of the scene without advertising the movie.

BIRDWELL is forty years old. He looks like a thin, wiry Robert Benchley or an extremely delicate Wallace Beery. He became a cub reporter at thirteen and still has the enthusiasm of the cub reporter, which is probably why he has offices today in Radio City, Hollywood, Mexico City, and Chicago, and why his fees average more than three hundred thousand dollars a year. For years he had Hearst training, which is excellent for preparing a man to look on coroners, kings, dog catchers, dukes, and presidents as pawns to be used in publicity gambits. Among his clients are ex-King Carol of Rumania, Howard Hughes, several big corporations, and a long list of motion-picture personalities, which formerly included Clark Gable and Carole Lombard. His ordinary rate is twenty-five thousand dollars a year; fifty thousand is his standard rate for industrial accounts. These stupendous stipends represent, however, only modest investments to performers if they are thereby aided in hanging on to incomes of several hundred thousand dollars a year. King Carol wanted a press agent, as he explained it, to aid him in helping the Allies. The unfavorable attitude of the American press was, as he saw it, the main reason the Allies did not accept his help. He hired Birdwell to influence American opinion in his favor. There has been some improvement in the ex-monarch's publicity, but he has not yet emerged as a Balkan King Alfred. While working with Carol in Mexico City, Birdwell added a Mexican movie director and a few minor Latin American headliners to his clientele.

In his later years as a newspaper reporter, Birdwell dictated most of his stories to stenographers. Today he seldom thinks without two stenographers to take down his thoughts. Nearly every operation of his intellect is instantly committed to paper and goes out either as a memo to a Birdwell client or employee or as a letter to a Birdwell contact. When he leaves his Beverly Hills home for his East Sixty-ninth Street penthouse, his two secretaries, Melba Howe and Helene Lane, leave their Beverly Hills home for their Park Avenue apartment. He dictates to them going and coming, on plane or train, up to 2 or 3 A.M. Marooned in New York for two or three days on a recent trip, he caught up on his paperwork. He couldn't stop dictating any more than an Oriental waltzing mouse can stop waltzing, so on the trip home he dictated a three-act play, "Ten Percent of Heaven." It concerns a public-relations counsellor who, conceiving the idea of a National Happiness campaign, makes millions joyful but brings untold miseries upon himself. It is fast-moving throughout. The last two acts were dictated to the rhythm of the Super Chief's wheels. No step has yet been taken toward producing it.

Birdwell is a Texan from ambitious

CORAL CORDUROY...



Corduroy with the rippling sheen of a colt's
neck . . . fabulously fine and sheer. And a suit
totally new—from its wide shoulders to the
flying tunic flaps of the skirt. Wear it roughly
to the country—smoothly through
the town. In grey, coral, beige, lime;
sizes 10 to 18, 29.95. Matching hat, 7.50.

PECK & PECK

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MAE WEST
in
Catherine was Great
Directed by ROY HARGRAVE
SHUBERT THEATRE, Air-Conditioned
West 44th Street. Matinees Thurs. & Saturday

BOBBY CLARK in
Mexican Hayride
GEORGE GIVOT · WILBUR EVANS · PAUL HAAKON
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CHERYL CRAWFORD *presents*
MARY MARTIN
JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S. J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH : *Lyrics by* OGDEN NASH
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
Dances by Agnes de Mille
Associate producer JOHN WILDBERG
AIR-CONDITIONED
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CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY
with SIDNEY BLACKMER · LOIS WILSON
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KISS and TELL
By F. HUGH HERBERT
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BILTMORE THEA., W. 47 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

HERMAN SHUMLIN *presents*
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S New Play
CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER * DENNIS KING * DUDLEY DIGGES
IN
The Searching Wind
with BARBARA O'NEIL
FULTON W. 46 St. Eves 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40. Air Cond.

"THRILLS, LAUGHS, SUSPENSE, EXCITEMENT." Rascoe, World-Tel.
AGATHA CHRISTIE'S Mystery Comedy
10 LITTLE INDIANS
AIR-COND. BROADHURST THEA. · Evgs. 8:40
West 44th Street Mats. Wed., Sat. 2:40

Texan stock. His father, Russell Juarez Birdwell, and his paternal grandfather both taught themselves Latin and Greek. Ordinarily taciturn at meals, his father would occasionally look up and say, "Your grandfather used to say," and rattle off Greek for a while and then translate it. He wanted Russell to learn Greek as the first move toward becoming a criminal lawyer. In those days in Texas, criminal law was a great profession, with its unwritten-law cases and its stately homicides. The early death of Russell's father put an end to this plan, but, as a newspaper reporter, Russell became a sort of criminal lawyer by proxy. He seldom covered a trial without sending a stream of notes to the defense lawyer on how to conduct the case. Young Birdwell became a magazine writer three years before he became a reporter. At ten he started doing articles at two dollars apiece for the *American Boy* on how to make money. His first literary work showed the same technique as his later work; from the beginning he caused things to happen so that he could write them up. He dried pecans on the roof in order to write about how to make money by drying pecans on the roof. He stuffed birds from literary motives. He cured skunk skins for the muses. A bit of a perfectionist, he dispatched the animals with a club to avoid puncturing the skin. As a result of his contacts, Birdwell himself could be scented three blocks away, and he gave colds to scores of children because the windows of his school had to be thrown open in the dead of winter. He was excluded from the classroom, but only for one day. His mother forced the teacher to reinstate him, because there was no rule against gathering literary material.

Birdwell's father dealt in farms and other real estate at Coleman, Texas, where Russell was born. Later the family moved to Albany, Texas. When Russell was nine, the family piled into an enormous covered wagon and drove away from Albany. The senior Birdwell had made a stack of money and decided to take a year off hunting and fishing. Russell kept a diary of the expedition. The pilgrimage, which took in much of Texas and part of Mexico, furnished material to keep him in constant literary practice. Merely setting down the facts about his father made Birdwell a writer of the action school. On the question of whether a nail had been driven too far into a horse's hoof, the senior Birdwell had a three-thousand-word fist fight with a blacksmith. It took a dozen pages to describe the combat between the father and a visiting rancher over how to build an adobe bake oven. The year's journey came to an end in San Angelo, Texas, home of Russell's maternal grandfather, James Madison Mitcham, a big landowner. Russell's literary activity was multiplied there, Mitcham also being a man of action, with a record of having put eleven men in the emergency ward with a cane-bottomed chair, in consequence of a slur on his favorite mare. The boy's father and grandfather agreed on non-essentials but had trouble over *things they held dearer than life*. One day Russell and his three sisters ran outdoors to *discover the reason for a lot* of shooting. Old Mitcham and the senior Birdwell were blazing away at each other with double-barrelled shotguns, but they stopped when the children got into the line of fire. They had differed about how to make chile.

At ten, Russell saw his first lynching. A foreigner was burned alive in Del Rio, Texas, a few hundred yards from the tent in which the family was living. The boy first put the incident in his diary and then wrote it as a story. His father was greatly pleased and brought his classical resources to bear to help in the revision of it. The piece eventually grew to about five thousand words. No attempt was made to market it. It was one of the rare occasions on which Birdwell showed an amateur spirit. At eleven, he saw a triple lynching in San Angelo and rushed home to write about it. After spending a week revising and polishing his narrative, he tried to sell it to the local daily. It was rejected for various reasons, including the fact that it had missed the newspaper's deadline by six days.

When Russell was twelve, his father unexpectedly died a natural death. The family moved from San Angelo to Dallas.

—ALVA JOHNSTON

(*This is the first of four articles on Mr. Birdwell.*)

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[2] *Example:* If you are pricing a man's soft fur felt hat the narrowest trade category would be men's soft fur felt hats, but if you have none from which you can select the comparable commodity, you then go to the next narrowest trade category, men's soft felt hats; if you have none of these from which to choose, the next narrowest trade category would be men's felt hats; finally, if you have no men's felt hats, the narrowest trade category available would be men's hats in general.—*O.P.A. regulation in the Federal Register.*

And then?

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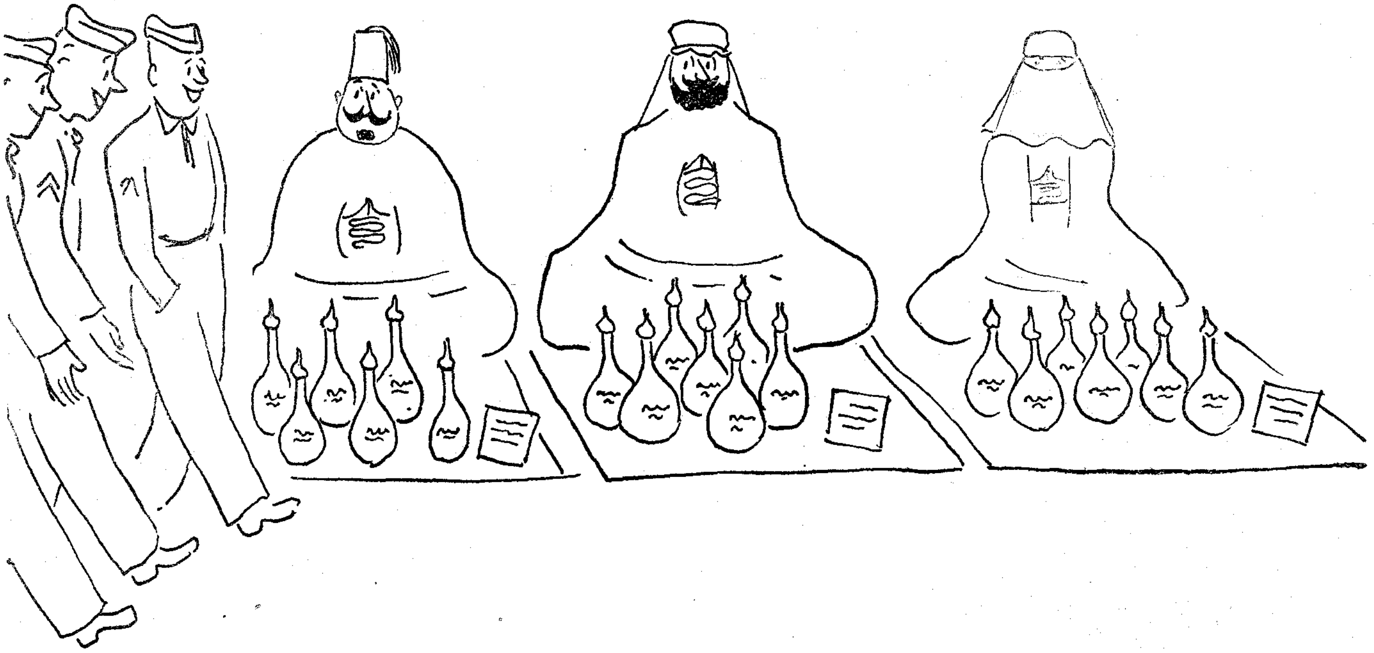

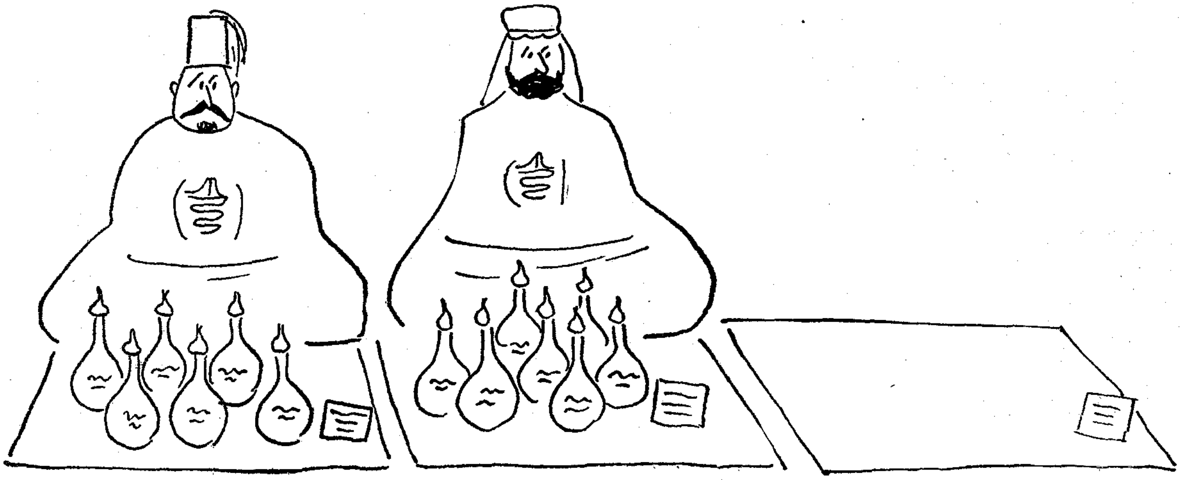

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Situation Is Well in Hand

WHAT with one thing and another, I haven't had a chance before to see the screen work of Preston Sturges, or any of this gentleman's creations, in fact, since a pretty good play named "Strictly Dishonorable," which he wrote back in speakeasy days. In Hollywood, I learn from quick fill-in sources, his pictures were better than the best of his plays, but his employers were reluctant to accept this reversal of the standard formula until he offered to underwrite the expenses of his first undertaking as both writer and director. The rest is history, and has been so, I'm afraid, for quite some time. Because I missed "The Great McGinty," "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek," and other Sturges films, I am just getting abreast of the movement with "Hail the Conquering Hero," the newest Sturges, which strikes me as a fine comic performance.

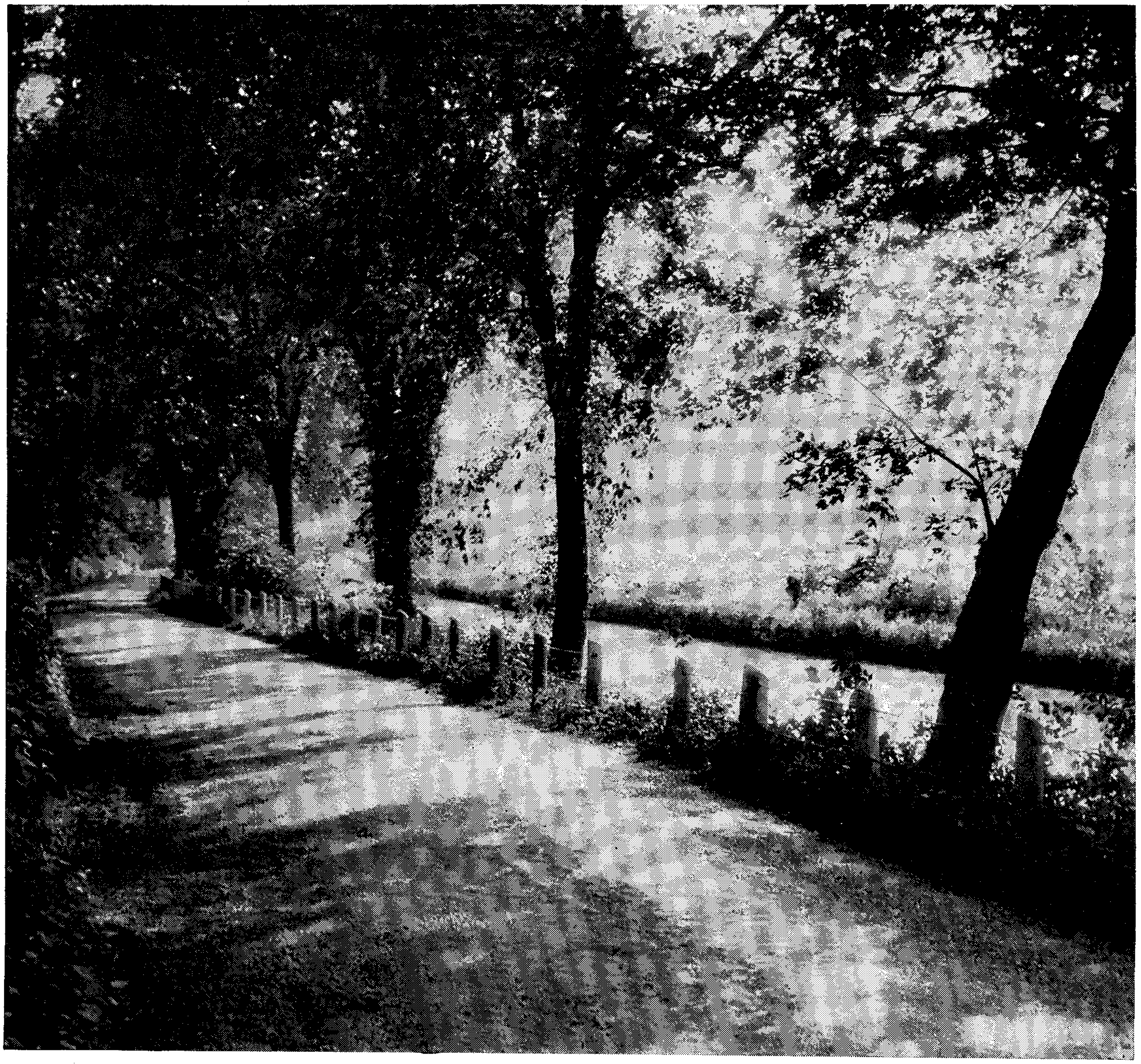
ROBERT TOM
COMING

The picture, written, directed, and produced by Mr. Sturges, is about the young son of a Marine hero of the last war who, medically discharged by the Marines of this war because of chronic hay fever, lets his mother believe he has gone overseas to fight. Six Marines from Guadalcanal take him in hand, chiefly because of the psychopathic devotion of one of them to mothers, and haul him back from his hideout in a war plant to his home town, where he is acclaimed as the peer of Commando Kelly and drafted to run for mayor. The bogus and embarrassed hero is acted with restraint, and very rationally, by Eddie Bracken. William Demarest, like Bracken a tested Sturges trouper and a veteran of "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek," shows how a tough-sergeant part can be made both fresh and funny a full twenty years after "What Price Glory?" first loaded this sacred white elephant upon the writers of war films.

These and almost all the other rôles in "Hail the Conquering Hero" are well played. However, it's Mr. Sturges's conception and direction of the people in his story that give it flavor, and I think Mr. Sturges can be judged most fairly as a comedian, of the line of good and notable comedians of our time—Ed Wynn, Jimmy Durante, W. C. Fields, Bert Williams, the Marx Brothers, Bobby Clark. He writes his own material, to be sure, but so did the others at times, and when they didn't, they strongly influenced its writing. Mr. Sturges projects himself—his style and special comic characteristics—as surely as if he were out on a stage telling a story, singing a song, or chasing a stooge in person. And his art is being funny. You can strain it for social significance or satire if you like, but the small-town byplay which serves him for background is neither new nor particularly accurate. You may consider him a student of character, but his best character touches contribute simply to the end of being funny. That's not a bad end in itself, and if it appears clearly and wildly impossible for any man to be elected mayor of an American town under the circumstances in which Mr. Bracken finds himself at the picture's close—the picture suggests that he will be elected—score it as another slight blow in the teeth for those who interpret Mr. Sturges too soberly and as a happy curtain by a genial escapist for those who don't.

One trouble with professional comedians is that they tend to become less funny as their tricks and mannerisms become better known. The mark of a good comic is that whenever his material is good he seems as good as new himself. Mr. Sturges, I suspect, is master of an abundant vein of entertainment, and he is nicely at home in his medium, filling the screen with movement, people, and droll asides. One of his best strokes in "Hail the Conquering Hero" is the casting of Freddie Steele as Bugsy, the Marine whose brooding, almost sinister respect for the institution of motherhood is the keystone of the plot. Mr. Steele, in case you have forgotten, was once the middleweight boxing champion of the world. All too early in his brilliant career he developed what is known in the trade as a glass chin. Being smart and not unprosperous, Mr. Steele withdrew from pugilism before this condition could produce any evil consequences. However, he had seen enough of cracked brains by then to qualify for the job—as hard a job as any an actor can do—of being a little cockeyed (Bugsy was shot up at Guadalcanal) without offending your taste or your sense of reality. He is a handy man to have in the troupe. —JOHN LARDNER

Again—the little roads will unlock their magic—



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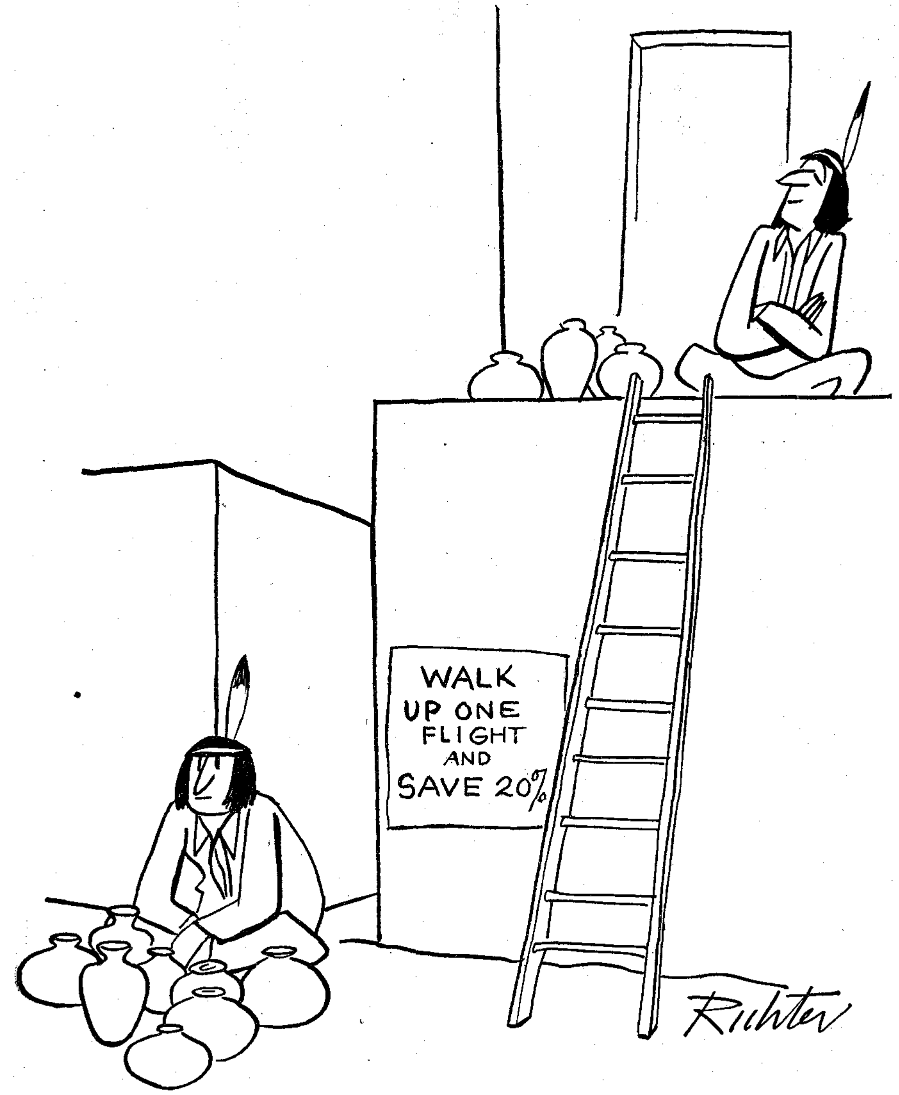
A REPORTER AT LARGE

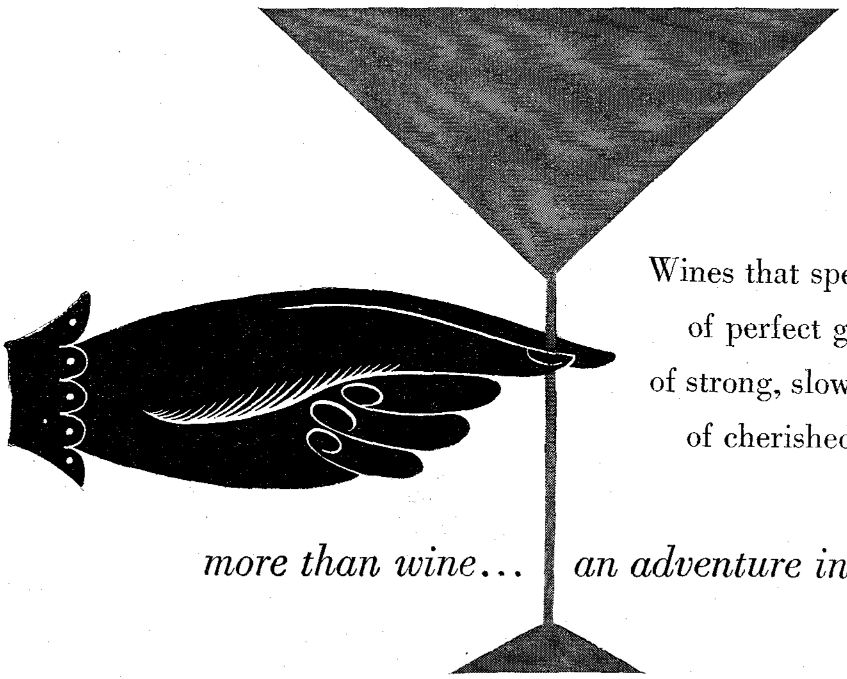
MY DEAR LITTLE LOUISE

DURING our breaking-out offensive in Normandy, the division artillery headquarters I was travelling with occupied four command posts in five days. A French family was living in one wing of the first house we used, although most of the roof was gone and a couple of the bedrooms had only three walls, but the farmhouses in which we had our second and third command posts were deserted. The Germans had forced all the inhabitants to leave. In our fourth one, we found civilians again. The Germans, not expecting so quick an advance, had not evacuated people from what they still considered the rear area. In the barnyard of that place, we found a dead Panzer Grenadier of a Schutzstaffel division. His paybook said that he had been born in Essen, and on his body there was a typewritten form which he had filled out but obviously had not had time to hand in to his company commander, asking for what we would call an emergency leave to go home. His reason was "Bombing deaths in family—urgent telegram from wife." He had been hit by a fragment of shell, but it had not torn him up much. A detail of our fellows buried him in back of the barn.

The dead cows were more of a problem. Now that we have moved on to Brittany, one of the things that make us happy is that we are out of dead-cattle country. The war moves more swiftly and it isn't necessary to drop artillery shells on every field and crossroad. Besides, the cattle in Brittany are fewer and more scattered than in Normandy, where every pasture was full of them. You need a bulldozer to bury cows properly, unless you are going to take all day about it, and nobody had men to spare for a large-scale interment detail. They lay in the fields with their four legs pointing stiffly in the air, like wooden cows discarded from a child's Noah's Ark, and their smell hung over the land as the dust hung over the roads. Men are smaller than cattle and they are always buried first; we lived in the stench of innocent death. At our fourth command post, there were more dead cows than usual, because, the people on the farm told us, eighteen extra cows had arrived with the Germans a couple of weeks before. There had been two sets of Germans in the farm buildings—ten paratroopers who had showed up driving eight cows, and forty S.S. men who had appeared driving ten cows. The paratroopers, one of whom was a captain, had got there first and taken up quarters in the farmhouse. The S.S. men, arriving later, had billeted themselves in the outbuildings, but only after a noisy argument, in which they had failed to get the paratroopers out of the big house. The captain had too much rank for them. The paratroopers had been fighting a long time and were very down in the mouth, the people of the house said. A soldier who served as interpreter had told the French family that the war was over, that Germany was beaten. But the S.S. fellows, who had come from soft berths in Warsaw and Brno, were still *gonflés en bloc* (blown up hard) and talked as if they owned the earth. That was less than two weeks ago, but even the S.S. men, to judge by those taken prisoner, have changed now. The S.S. soldiers had brought a refugee family with them, to milk the cows, the people on the farm said. Every day the paratroopers drank the cream from their eight cows and threw the milk away. Both sets of Germans had departed abruptly, but the S.S. had left one man to guard the cows, presumably in case the reports of the Allied attack proved exaggerated. A shell had killed the cowtender.

I AM sure that I will remember our two deserted command posts longer and more vividly than the two that were inhabited. Perhaps that is because you think more about people when they aren't there, and because you can be your own Sherlock Holmes and reconstruct them in accordance with your own hypothesis. The first deserted farm was a solid rectangle of stone and stucco buildings with walls nearly a foot thick. The farmyard, on which all the buildings fronted, could be reached only by narrow lanes that pierced the solid row of buildings at the front and at the back. It would have been a tough defensive position to crack if there had been any tactical reason to defend it. The farmhouse was very old and must have belonged to an aged, rich, crippled, bigoted





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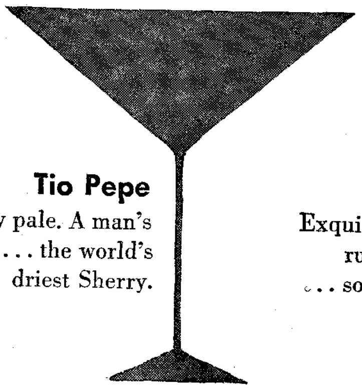

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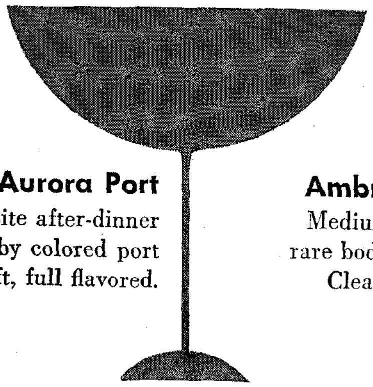

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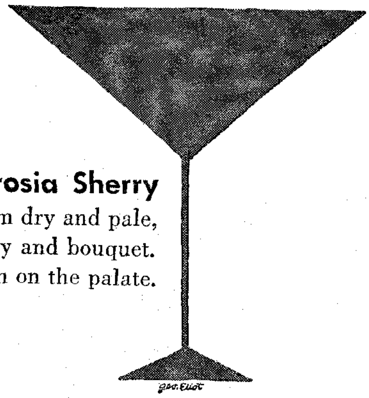

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woman or to a crippled man who had a fat old woman for a housekeeper. There was a crutch in the farmyard, lying as if it had fallen off a departing wagon, and in two of the bedrooms there was a pair of old, mended crutches that must have been discarded for newer ones. In the kitchen, by the great open hearth, there was a reclining chair with an extension on which to rest your legs, and in one bedroom there were several old and dirty corsets, whose whalebones, despite the garments' immense girth, had all sprung because of the continual effort to encompass a bulging body. There was a tall Norman clock in every room. Clocks of this sort are made in little towns, like Périers and Colombières and Marigny, which nobody outside Normandy ever heard of before this summer. Every crossroads seems to have had its clockmaker as well as its baker and its harness maker. The wooden cases of these timepieces are generally rather austere, but the dials are framed by hammered gilt sculpture; sheaves, golden apples, plows, and peasants in donkey carts are favorite motifs. The pendulums are vast, and they too are encrusted with ornament. A bride, I imagine, although no one has told me so, brings a clock as part of her dowry, and a house where there are many clocks has been ruled in turn by many women. This house was full of hideous modern religious images and of wax fruits and flowers under glass bells. There were no books except devotional ones and those that gave quick ways of making the computations a farmer must make in doing business with wholesalers. There were many of each kind.

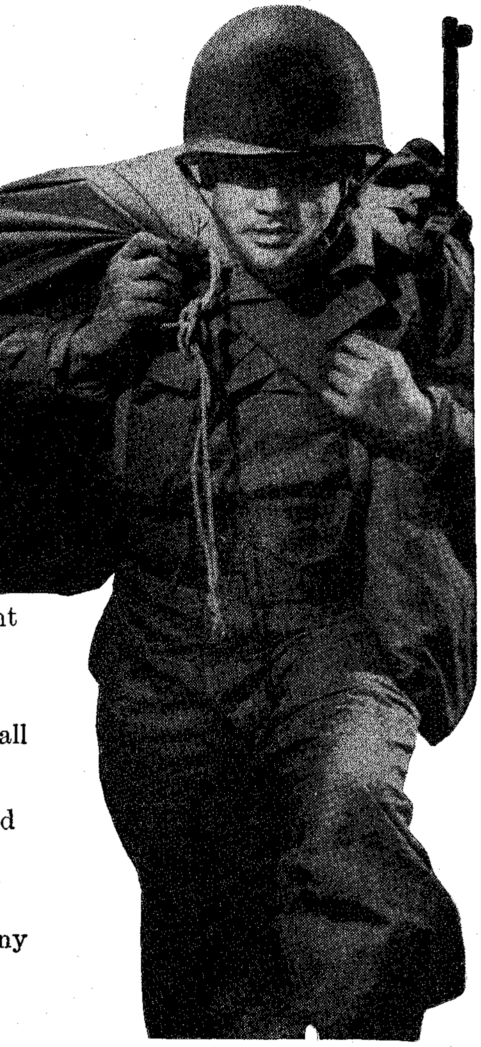
The farmsteaders had left the place in a great hurry, and some soldiers, either German or American, had been there afterward and rummaged through the house, littering the floors with things, useless to them, that they had pulled from the cupboards—women's high-collared blouses, skirt hoops, dingy photographs of family outings and one of a man in a cuirassier's uniform, with breastplate and horsetail helmet, and three or four parchment manuscripts. One, dated 1779, was the deed of sale of a farm, another was a marriage contract dated the Year 3 of the First Republic. The contract enumerated the items the bride was to bring in her dowry, which included six pillowcases, one canopy for a bed, and ten handkerchiefs; the whole thing was to come to a thousand and fifty-seven francs. If the husband died before the wife, she was to be allowed to withdraw that much from the estate in consideration of her dowry. If the wife died first, the widower was to keep the pillowcases, handkerchiefs, and all the rest, probably to bestow on his next choice. I wondered, naturally, which of them had survived the other. There were canopies over the beds in all the bedrooms; one must have been the canopy listed in the contract. The house had stone floors that did not shake even when some guns just across the road were being fired, which happened for one entire night we spent there.

The guns were only three thousand yards behind the front line, but they were firing at a target—a railroad station or road junction—eleven miles away. They belonged not to division artillery but to a remote, unfamiliar entity called Corps. The battery commander, a harassed-looking little captain, called on our artillery general as soon as we moved in and said he hoped the general did not mind guns; there were a lot of generals who couldn't sleep on account of the noise and he had had to move twice already. He was like a man apologizing to his new neighbors for having noisy children; he was sensitive. Our general said that the guns were music to his ears, and we all smiled mechanically and obediently. The captain said, "I'm sure glad to hear that, because I feel I have an ideal setup here."

Across the yard from the house, in a small storeroom, lived a donkey so old that he had a gray beard. His hoofs were long and misshapen, like the nails of an old dog who gets no exercise, and he stayed in his gloomy cell, blinking out at the world, without enough energy to walk into the adjoining barn and eat the hay, although he would accept cabbages if they were brought to him.

FROM the crippled woman's, or man's, house we moved into a region that had been heavily bombed on the first day of the offensive and was completely deserted except for the surviving animals. An officer who had done some reconnoitering had found a hamlet, Chapelle en Litige (Chapel in Litigation), which was intact. Bombs had

I helped him ashore in Normandy!



And I helped myself to a future career in the peace we're both fighting for.

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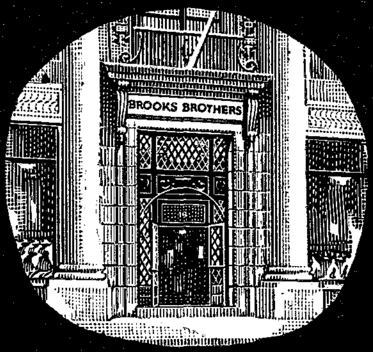

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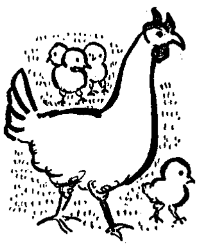
fallen into all the adjoining fields and bomb craters had made the roads into it almost impassable, but its half-dozen houses and the dependent barns stood untouched. One officer, who considers the Air Forces a form of artillery totally lacking in professional direction, said, "If they had dropped hundred-pound bombs instead of five-hundred, they'd have killed just as many cows without spoiling the roads." The façade of the granite house in which we set up shop was hidden by pear trees *en espalier*, laden with fruit and lush with leaves. An old hen had made a nest in a branch under the hayloft window and was rearing her chicks there; they were hard to find, buried among the pears, and produced a noise that was inexplicable to us until we discovered them. Some of the soldiers with us took up quarters in smaller houses, and once they had found niches for themselves, we all strolled about the village looking over the interiors of the houses. The owners had evacuated them in an orderly fashion, taking most of their belongings with them. There was not much left except furniture.

I found a pile of letters, most of them old, a few recent, lying on a dressing table in one of the houses. In a nearby cupboard was a long row of schoolboys' notebooks filled with exercises in drawing, arithmetic, and composition. All the books bore the inscription, written in a hand which became progressively less slack, "Cahier d'Albert Hédouin." A couple of recent business letters were addressed to Veuve Hédouin, and I assumed that Albert was the widow's son. There were also in the cupboard a number of the usual breviaries and cheap books of devotion, including a pamphlet of prayers for prisoners of war. Idly, because as a camp follower I had nothing else at the moment to do, I took some of the letters and, sitting down on the threshold of the plain little house I was in, started to read them.

One was dated September 25, 1914. It began, "My dear little Louise: I utilize a little moment to send you news of me. I am in good health and hope my letter finds you the same. I'd rather be at Chapelle en Litige than where I am, for it isn't nice to sleep outdoors. If this thing ends soon, I won't be sorry. I am with Anatole and Désiré, and they are in good health, too. Probably the buckwheat has been harvested, if the weather is as good there as it is here. I'd like to help thresh it and drink a big bowl of cider instead of being here, but it's useless to think about it. When you geld the little colt, leave him in the barn for two days, then turn him into the fields of broom, where the donkey is. Put some branches on top of the gate, so he won't try to jump over it. When you get this letter, send me some news of what goes on at home. Have you made a barrel of cider for Pannel yet and have the cows turned out well? Excuse me for being brief, my dear little Louise and cherished babies. I write this letter in the open air, sitting on my knapsack, and now I must go. Your husband, who loves you and kisses you again and again, Louis Hédouin, 336th Infantry. P.S. Put the donkey in Fernand's field."

The next letter was dated in November, 1914, and began, "My dear little Louise: It is with great pleasure I learn that you are in good health. I too am in good health. Dear little Louise, I think you should make at least three barrels of cider, although I know it will give you a lot of trouble. Considering the price of apples and the price of cider, it pays better to make cider than to sell apples. And make a good barrel for us, so that we can have the pleasure of drinking it together when I come home." ("Come home," I thought. "That war had four years to go then.") "My dear little Louise, you tell me that you have planted some wheat. Good. Prices are going up. I hope you have sowed oats, dear one. Dear little Louise, I hope you are well. Also the cows and calves. Butter is selling at a pretty good price, if it can only continue. I was glad to hear you had someone help you thresh the buckwheat. Dear little Louise, I wish I could have been there, but it's useless to think about it. Here one is and here one stays—until when, nobody knows. Your husband, who loves and will never cease to love you and the dear little children, Louis."

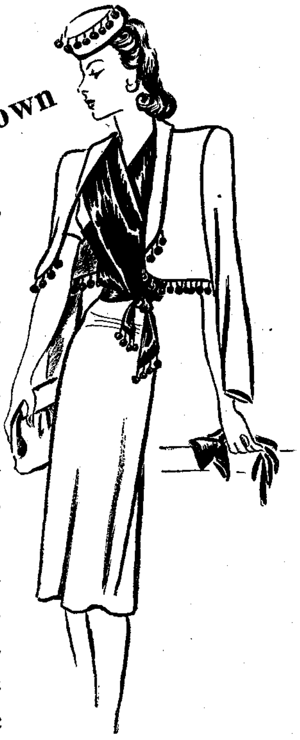


Looking up, I saw that four or five cows, probably wanting to be milked, were staring hopefully at me, and I wondered how Louis Hédouin would have felt if he had known that in thirty years not even a woman would be left to care for the cattle in Chapelle en Litige. There was another letter, also written in 1914, in which he said he had been to mass and then eaten some ham dear little Louise had sent him; he would rather have attended mass at home, but it was "useless to think of it."

"Dear little Louise," he went on, "you say you have had a card from Aimable and he is in good health. So much the better, for you can't imagine how unhealthy it is where he finds himself. I couldn't either, unless I had been there, but don't worry, I'm all right. Dear little Louise, you say that Marie has had a letter from Pierre and he is a prisoner. So much the better. That way he is sure to survive. I know that threshing must be a lot of trouble to you. I am sorry you are alone and have so much work to do. Do you remember, on that evening before I want away, Enée said that this business wouldn't be over before Easter? I am afraid he was right. It is sad when I think of it. Days are indeed long. Louis."

And on March 15, 1915, he wrote that he was sorry to hear that Louise was suffering but hoped she would soon be delivered—the first indication I had had that he knew she was pregnant. "My dear little Louise," he continued, "I had a letter from Papa the same time as yours. He says he has sold the old cow for three hundred and forty-five francs. It's not bad, when you think that she only had four teeth left. What about the black cow you thought was going to calve March 8th and what are you doing with the Jersey? Tell me in your next letter. Dear little Louise, you say you have threshed the oats. Good. There must have been some loss, but you did the best you could. The worst of it is we probably won't be home in time for the haying this season. Excuse me for not having written. We were taking ammunition up to the front lines. Lately things go badly. The regiment has refused to march to an attack. Everybody is sick of this business, and we lose courage and ask for an end of this terrible war. A sweet kiss from your husband, Louis."

Then, on the twenty-second of March, the latest date I found on any of his letters, Hédouin wrote, "My dear little Louise: I have received with great pleasure your letter of the eighteenth. Your mother writes to me that you have had a nine-pound boy and are doing well, and the boy, too. My dear little Louise, you did well to have a midwife from Remilly, and she didn't charge much, either—eight francs. My dear little Louise, I'd like to be with you, but it's useless to think of it. Distance keeps us apart. I hope God will help you in your troubles. My parents write me that at home people are saying this will end soon. So much the better. Dear little Louise, the boy will be called Albert. Before telling you, I waited to see whether you would have a boy or a girl. Your husband,



Kathleen Sue

Day in Town

Flattering double duty crepe, contrasting satin top, and smart bolero with couturière detail. All black only. Sizes 12 to 44 —$59.95 . . . Clothes from Kathleen have that custom-like finish.

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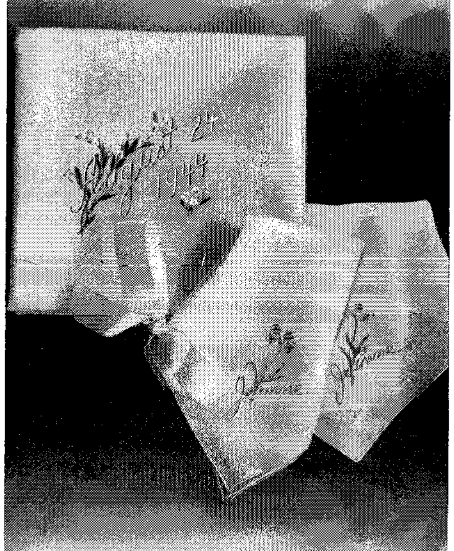

Remember the Day
— Your Anniversary

Send your love with this lustrous satin case — anniversary date and forget-me-nots hand-painted on it. Inside, 3 exquisite sheer all linen hankies, her name and flowers in lovely embroidery.

Case and 3 hankies—$10.00

(postpaid anywhere in U. S. A.)

You can order now for any anniversary or birthday. . . . We will deliver for the day.

MOSSE
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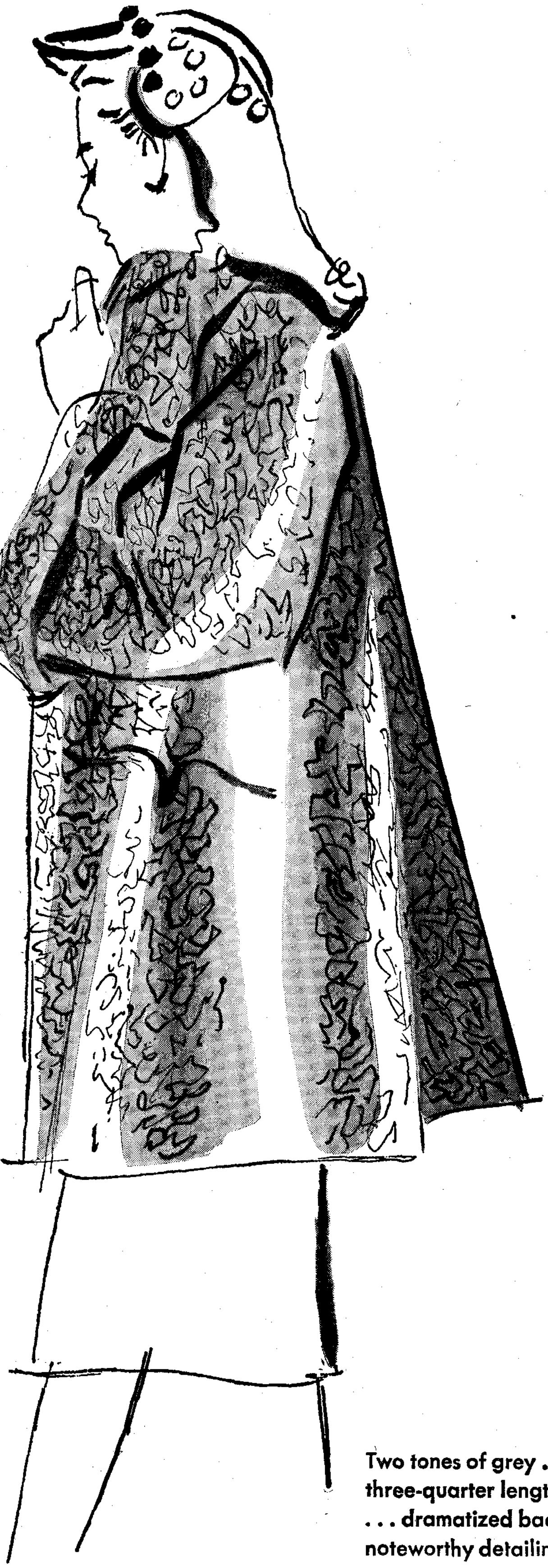


This little South American Lamb is labelled Young-Timers

$265

plus 20% federal tax

Young-Timers

Fourth Floor

Henri Bendel

10 WEST 57

NEW YORK 19 NY

Two tones of grey . . .
three-quarter length
. . . dramatized back . . .
noteworthy detailing.

who loves you, Louis. P.S. What about the black cow?"

Nineteen-fifteen. I did a bit of subtraction. Albert would have been twenty-four in 1939—just the right age. I thought of the graded notebooks and the pamphlet of prayers for prisoners of war. —A. J. LEIBLING

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Colusa (Calif.) Daily Times*]

THE CLUB BREAKFAST

The Club Breakfast was like a garden—
Of flowers, of every hue
Each radiant personality,
Enhanced by pink and blue—
Lavender and old lace,
Handsome black and white,
Yes, every lady present
Was indeed a lovely sight.
Hats were most outstanding,
They would really take the prize.
I wish the men had been there
To enjoy the "Hat Surprise."
Watch for the White wings
Worn upside down, by Grace,
And Emma's little black stove pipe,
Trimmed in pretty white lace.
The little blue number that laced
Up, just like a shoe, worn by Marie
This caused a great 'TODO.'
Hazel Whitman's pancake
Made of petals galore and
Lola Berry's summer straw,
A handsome story-book lore.
Yes HATS really have a tale to tell—
Large ones, small ones, half-hats, well,
You'll be seeing them here and there,
And it won't be rude, if you just
S-T-A-R-E!
The table bouquet was
Of breath taking beauty.
The guests were intriguing;
They came free from duty.
Or a pinch-hitting for
Chairman Lillian
Presided like a veteran—
You know she really can.
The food was so satisfying
The program was superb,
Rhyming from the JUNIORS
The best you ever heard.
With "thank yous" and reluctance,
Mable's term expired,
And all her board members
Ousted and fired,
And the new crew of officers
Were duly installed.
Mildred's acceptance speech
The whole club enthralled,
We greet her with enthusiasm,
And words of good cheer.
Let us all help Mildred
To have a great, great year.
And to members who wanted
So much to be there
When illness delayed them
We felt your vacant chair—
To Martha Harrison and Hattie O'Hair
And Mrs. Elmer Betterton,
We wanted you there as we did
All the others whose names are on the book.
No one can really fill your little nook.
And so another club year
Closes, with this gala affair,
Sealed with hard work
That we all loved to share. —R. T. J.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

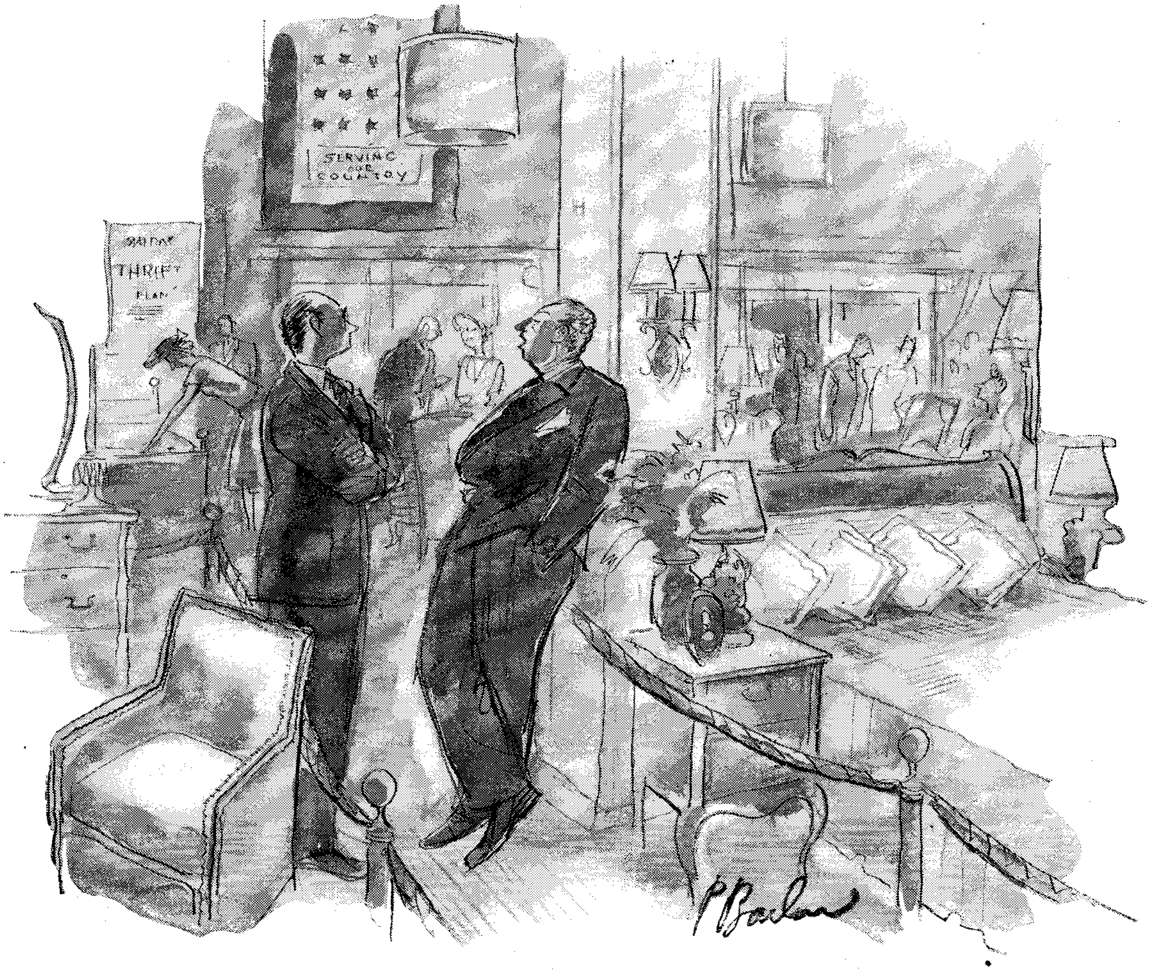
FEMININE FASHIONS

AFTER a long prowl through the shops, I'm prepared to argue that the American school and college girl is still as practical and conservative as anybody I know. She wants the best tweeds possible, because they always wear the longest; her enthusiasm for the uniform of sweater, skirt, and longish, separate jacket is as strong as ever; she is still timid about being "different," except in color and detail. So the shops, being no fools, are once more full of plaid wools and gray flannels. Gabardine suits were about as reckless a departure as I found at the big shops' shows. (I intend to ignore the current wild effort to make campus bicycling seem like a brand-new fad by calling long shorts "pedal-pushers.") All of the college shops are ready, of course, to take care of the girls' basic problems (their *clothes* problems, I mean), and there is so much to tell that only the highlights will furnish the text of this pre-matriculation lecture.

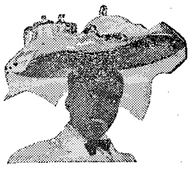
At Altman, where the College Shop offers such blandishments as nickel cokes and free juke-box music, there is a big collection of well-chosen gray flannels—shorts, slacks, skirts, cardigan jackets, and blazers with white cord bindings, at from $7.95 to $17.95 apiece, and tailored dresses ($16.95) with silver-metal buttons down the front, and suits ($25) with double-breasted bellhop jackets trimmed sparingly with braid to match. I also saw a beautiful three-quarter box coat, with big pearl buttons making a double-breasted closing, at $39.95; a de-luxe version, lined with curly white lamb, is $65. No girl in her senses would waste on a classroom an Altman suit in plaid wool, with red and black predominating on a white ground; it's something to be saved for week-end dates. It has a short, fitted jacket, with a collarless high neck, long, loose sleeves, a tiny peplum, and an inverted pleat down the front of the skirt. This is $45, and, if you are fond of ensembles, you can add a red airplane-cloth blouse ($10.95) that ties in a spaghetti bow at the throat and a hip-length plaid cape ($22.95) that is supposed to be water-repellent. Altman has one of the nicest date dresses around—black rayon crêpe with a heart-shaped neck, short sleeves, and small sequin bowknots scattered down the front. It's $14.95. Or, if you'd rather, you can get a dressier suit in black, gray, or plum rayon velveteen with a pink or blue rayon faille gilet. The accompanying jacket has a round, collarless neck and a frog fastening at the waistline; $25.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE plays expertly with gray-and-white striped flannel in things like jumper dresses with V necks and buttons down the front, box jackets, kick-pleat skirts, waistcoats, and slacks with pleated fronts. These run from $8.95 to $17.95. Over any combination of them, Saks thinks you should wear a gray fleece box coat, three-quarter length, with high, pointed lapels and a black rayon velvet collar. It's $45. Saks also does a lot with corduroy, in dark green and red as well as the traditional gray, beige, and brown. I liked the casually fitted jackets with three leather buttons, the gored skirts, and the slacks of this stuff.

Young ladies seem to be hankering more than ever for black things, and you can be sure they don't have to beg for them at Saks. To begin with, there is a nice black wool gabardine suit with a kick-pleat skirt and a jacket which has a round neck and a one-button fastening; $39.95. There are wool crêpe bolero suits, the skirts wrapped around and trimmed with a big bow on one hip, at $35. For almost any kind of black costume, Saks has a



"The way I do is first size up the customer. Sometimes I say 'living-room sweet' and sometimes 'living-room soot.'"



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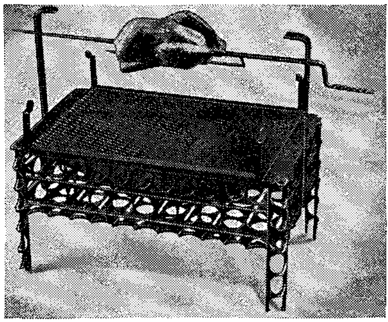
Grill-n-Grate



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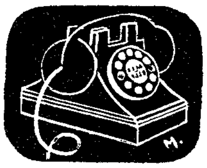
cerise wool topcoat which comes far enough down on you to just cover a longish suit jacket. It has high lapels, three buttons, slanting pockets, and a joyous look. It's yours for $29.95. Another honey is a princesse raincoat you could wear for evening dates, made of water-repellent black rayon satin, with a fly front and a detachable leopard-spot plush lining. That one absorbs $39.95.

Incidentals: Saks has some of the best $5 blouses you can find—white rayon crêpes with narrow white eyelet jabots, oxford-type rayon crêpes with tucked bosoms and band collars tying at the throat, and tailored wool jerseys with stitched round necklines. And nice $3 and $3.95 hats, among them gray flannel stitched-brim cloches, berets of the French type in black rayon satin or velvet, and black calots that are either plain or trimmed with bows.

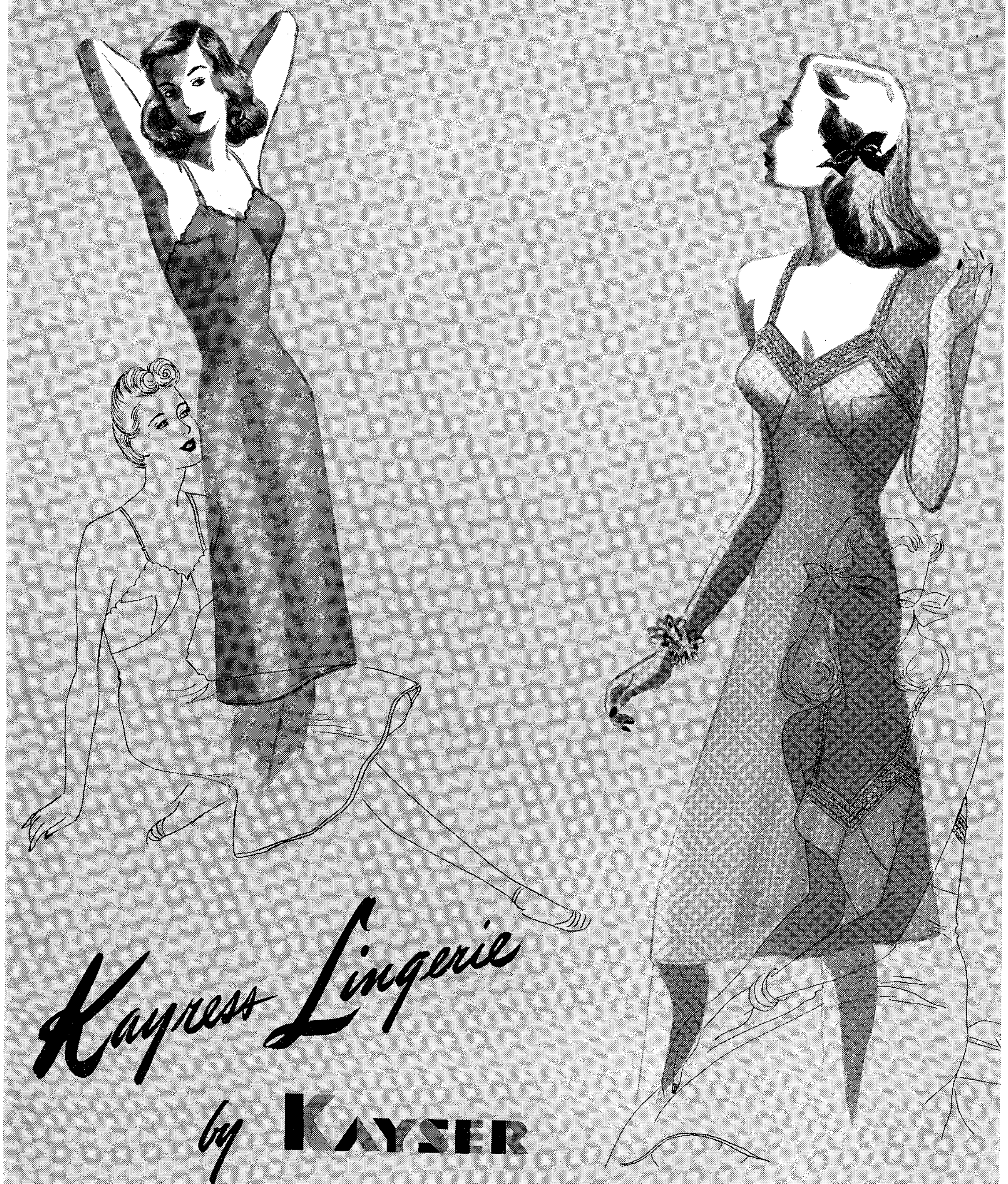
THERE isn't a single gimcrack or self-conscious bit of nonsense in Lord & Taylor's College Shop. Everything there is gay but to the point. Among the skirts, there are kilts of domestic tartans copied from the Scotch—no safety-pin fastening, but the traditional buckle and fringe down one side. They are $12.95. One of the best skirts I've seen in quite a while (I must be right, because those shrewd schoolgirls are willing to spend $17.95 for it, which is more than they expect to lay out for any skirt) is called the Equestrian. The waistband and pockets are tailored like those of jodhpurs. In brown or gray doeskin and in flannel and gabardine. Then there is a vast assortment of Scotch sweaters in a wide range of colors, at $10.95 and $12.95, and also white rabbit's-hair jersey tuck-in blouses with plaid-wool turtle necks and strap fastenings on the shoulders. For suits, a Scotch jacket that L. & T. introduced two years ago is still around, in a white Shetland tweed trimmed with green braid and silver-metal buttons, or in dark green Shetland with plaid bindings. And the place has a Daniel Boone suit, in tartan wool, that is fascinating. It has a collarless box jacket and a wrap-around skirt, with fringe across the yoke, on the sleeves, and down one side of the skirt—simple and only slightly shaggy.



Lord & Taylor also have a lovely tailored date dress, of candy-pink wool jersey, with a high back, a V neck, and a slightly swing skirt. The only trimming is a startling bow of fireman-red jersey on the candy-pink belt. Perfection, all for $29.95. Some of the more exotic things in this establishment have a Guatemalan influence, but a nice, restrained one. Take a black wool jersey tuck-in top with a band collar, loose three-quarter sleeves, and a deep yoke, for example. You are supposed to wear with it a peacock-blue wool flannel skirt that has a full back and Polonaise drapery to mold the hipline.

GIRLS of school and college age feel that they own Peck & Peck body and soul the year round, so you will never find a special seasonal assemblage of college clothes there. I like the coats, especially the alpaca Teddy-bear cloth ones, which have a new, dressmaker sort of look. One is gray and three-quarter length, with cable stitching down the edges and a quilted rayon satin lining; $45. A brown number, also three-quarter length, is double-breasted, with a turnover collar, wide lapels, and facings in beige wool. It's a knockout, and $42.95. Then there are raincoats that are good enough for ladies of any age. One, of beige cotton gabardine, has a wide, wide turnover collar and a bow at the throat, gathers across the waistline in back and at the side front, and a bow tie on the stomach; $22.95. Reversible raglan coats, fleece wool on one side and cotton gabardine on the other, are handy for fair weather or foul. They appear in a range of colors. A rayon-and-wool trench-coat sort of affair, with a convertible collar and fly front, looks like a dress because of its set-in waistband. The corduroy suits there also have a trench-coat aspect. One has a raglan lumber-jacket top; the skirt, which buttons down the front, has flaps which give the effect of big pockets extending from the waist. This is $29.95. It's in silver gray, lime, coral, beige, and so forth. Among the other suits are raspberry or Kelly green wool-jersey cardigan ones edged with the black wool jersey of the accompanying skirts ($25.95) and a collection of dark or light plaid wools, with single- or double-breasted topcoats of a heavier tweed to match. These are good for all ages. So are the tailored one-piece wool dresses with soft necklines, at from $19.95 to $39.95.

MACY, always on its toes, has noted the schoolgirl's passion for wearing the shirts of the most oversized man of her family and has produced some called Shirt-tails Out, in sizes up to thirty-eight. There are red-and-black



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plaid lumberman shirts in heavy wool and feminine spun-rayon smock types with ruffled Peter Pan collars. Navy denim dungarees are $2.98. At the other extreme, Macy has a particularly good selection of bouffant evening dresses at the very moderate prices of $13.94 to $16.74—a dress with a long bodice of black rayon jersey with multicolored checked rayon taffeta making a full skirt and the ruching around the off-the-shoulder neckline; a dress of black rayon crêpe having a halter-neck bodice trimmed with black sequins and a billowing skirt in white, pink, or pale blue sheer; a dress of black rayon velvet, with a boat-neck bodice, plaid rayon taffeta cap sleeves, and a full skirt.

Bloomingdale has wonderful long-sleeved tailored wool shirts, including Tattersalls (with red pipings), shepherd checks, plaids, fireman-red flannels, and so on, and so on, at $7.95. This shop has the knack of finding inexpensive sweaters with a look of grandeur, such as zephyr wool pullovers ($3.50) with wide ribbed waistbands, in a variety of colors, and oversized wool pullovers ($5.94). These oversize pullovers are called Sloppy Joes, but not by anyone who ever took a cruise to Havana, for $49.50 or any other price. That old standby, the gray flannel costume, manages to achieve distinction here because it has a cardigan with white wool knit sleeves and a pleated skirt with a nice high, pointed waistband. This is $29.95. There are also a gray flannel vest with a white knit back and gray slacks with the same built-up waistband to produce a handsome ensemble. Some suits are combinations of lumberjackets in soft plaids and plaid pleated skirts, the whole topped off by hoods that button on. Others combine marvellous bellhop jackets in burnt-orange wool (haven't seen the color in years, though people used to live in it; welcome home) with pleated skirts in a blue, white, and burnt-orange plaid wool. There are quantities of inexpensive separate skirts here, too—pleated wool flannels at $7.95 and some of the boldest possible plaids at $10.95.

Best, a haven for the classics of campus life, remains true to its public by showing gray flannel jackets with clan-plaid bindings at $15.95 and pleated plaid skirts at $10.95. There are also cardigan blazers with contrasting bindings and kick-pleat skirts, and monotone tweed single-breasted jackets ($15.95) which make very nice suits when allied with a gored skirt to match ($9.95). Then there are some little businesses known as Baby Chesterfields—three-quarter-length coats with rayon velvet collars and quilted rayon satin linings, in brown, currant, dark green, and gray wool. The double-breasted box coats in tweeds of solid colors, lined with curly white lamb, would be coveted by anyone. Best has an especially nice warm house coat—a quilted rayon crêpe coachman's coat, fastening with white pearl buttons. It's navy with a red lining and costs $19.95. Very simple and very ooh. There also are good two-piece pajamas, such as masculine long-sleeved cotton broadcloth ones in white with red bindings or in blue with white bindings, at $3.95, and quantities of more feminine-looking cotton flannel pajamas with sprigged rosebuds, at $3.

The highlights at Bonwit Teller gleam very brightly indeed. At $35, for instance, there is a wool coat of the polo type, with a double-breasted pearl-button fastening and done in a soft green or red. There is a good collection of imported Pringle Shetland sweaters, at $12.95 and $14.95. Among the well-tailored jumper dresses is a wool affair, slashed to the waist below a prim turnover collar, for $14.95. And the date and evening dresses throughout the department are rather special. In short lengths, there are rayon crêpes with gathers down the sides of a long bodice, swathed hiplines, and a bow in front. As for long dresses, you'll find elegant rayon crêpes with high backs, deep V décolletages in front, and jabots running down the front of the slit skirts. These are in Chinese red, turquoise, black, or white, to give you an inkling. This season's version of a perennial evening dress has a black rayon velvet bodice ending in a peplum over the hips, a high décolletage, and a bouffant skirt of flesh or pale-blue starched chiffon.

Well, there's no reason this year you can't at least *look* as if your Alma Mater is going to be proud of you. —L. L.

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

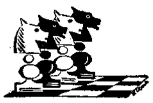
La Haye du Puits, France, July 9 (U.P.)—It was raining hard—as usual—this afternoon and when T/Sgt. Francis Kulik went out on sentry duty he took with him a lavender umbrella he had picked up.

OUR COMBATANT CORRESPONDENTS

SECOND MAN OUT

THE parachute infantry regiment to which I was attached spent the eight days before D Day confined in a marshalling area in England, where we stored up food and sleep and so much knowledge of Normandy that we began to feel as though we knew the country at first hand. On Monday, June 5th, D Day-minus-one, after several hours spent in sharpening knives, cleaning guns, being issued grenades, and adjusting our equipment, we had an early supper and heard a final lecture. Then we blackened our faces, collected our gear, and marched off to our planes. As we passed a railroad crossing, the watchwoman on duty caught my arm and squeezed it impulsively. "Give it to them, Lieutenant," she said. There were tears in her eyes and, for all I know, in mine.

At the air field, we were directed to the planes that were to carry us over the Channel. I had seen some action before, so I had at least an idea of what to expect. Not many of the other men were so fortunate. The only thing that worried me, as we sat in the dark waiting for the takeoff, was the thought that I might break a leg in my jump. I tried not to think about that. We took off at ten-thirty, just as the moon was coming up. There appeared to be very little ground wind, and the weather seemed ideal for a night jump. Through the open door of my plane, I watched the other transports lifting heavily off the ground. They looked like huge, black bats as they skimmed slowly over the treetops and fell into formation. Before long, we took off, too. Presently, near the coast of England, a squadron of fighters appeared below us. They flashed their lights on and off, and then wheeled away. That was *adiós*.



WE had a two-hour run ahead of us, so I settled down in my seat. A major, sitting directly across from me, smiled, his teeth startlingly white in the dark. I smiled back. The noise of the plane made it impossible to talk. Suddenly the jump master shouted, "Stand up and hook up!" I realized that I had been asleep, hard as it was to believe. The plane was rocking and bucking, trying to dodge the occasional bursts of flak from the dark, anonymous countryside below. A small red light gleamed in the panel by the door. We hooked up our parachutes, lined up close together, and waited. Then we stood there, waiting, for twelve and a half minutes. It seemed a long and terrible time.

The green light flashed on at seven minutes past midnight. The jump master shouted, "Go!" I was the second man out. The black Normandy pastures tilted and turned far beneath me. The first German flare came arching up, and instantly machine guns and forty-millimetre guns began firing from the corners of the fields, striping the night with yellow, green, blue, and red tracers. I pitched down through a wild Fourth of July. Fire licked through the sky and blazed around the transports heaving high overhead. I saw some of them go plunging down in flames. One of them came down with a trooper, whose parachute had become caught on the tailpiece, streaming out behind. I heard a loud gush of air: a man went hurtling past, only a few yards away, his parachute collapsed and burning. Other parachutes, with men whose legs had been shot off slumped in the harness, floated gently toward the earth.

I was caught in a machine-gun cross fire as I approached the ground. It seemed impossible that they could miss me. One of the guns, hidden in a building, was firing at my parachute, which was already badly torn; the other aimed at my body. I reached up, caught the left risers of my parachute, and pulled on them. I went into a fast slip, but the tracers followed me down. I held the slip until I was about twenty-five feet from the ground and then let go the risers. I landed up against a hedge in a little garden at the rear of a German barracks. There were four tracer holes through one of my pants legs, two through the other, and another bullet had ripped off both my breast pockets, but I hadn't a scratch.

I fought behind the German lines for eight days before I was relieved by our seaborne troops.

—2ND LIEUT. GUY REMINGTON

•

Wegrzyn's mount, Exrremus, fell at the clubhouse turn on the second time around in a seven-eighths mile event at the half mile oval. Then two others also went down. Napier, astride Red Tet, tried to avoid the pile-up, but took a tumble. The race was won by Gummed Up.
—*Kansas City Star.*

Who had been waiting years for this day.

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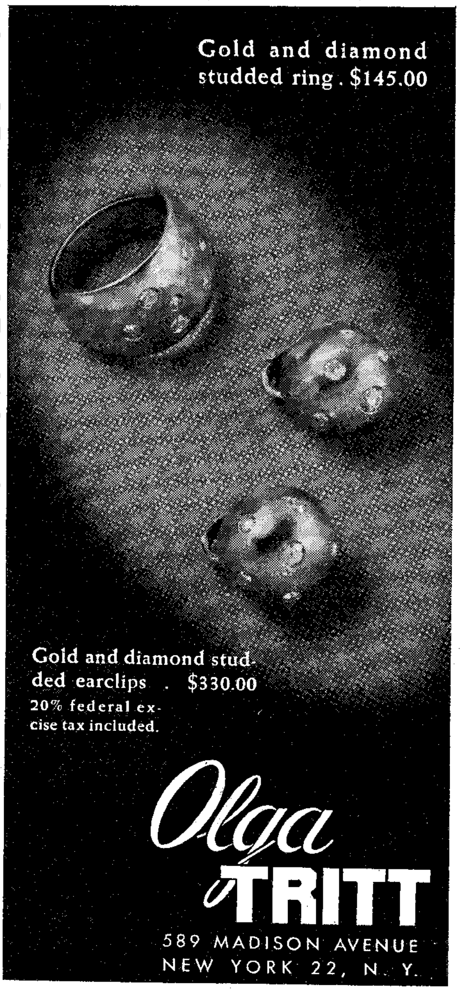

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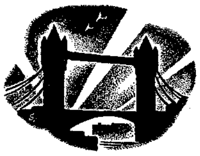
LETTER FROM LONDON

AUGUST 13 (BY CABLE)

THE news from across the Channel looks so good right now that it has crowded the flying bombs not only off the front pages of the London newspapers but, to everybody's relief, out of most conversations. Actually, the good feeling began about a fortnight ago, with the optimistic Churchill speech. Everything seems encouraging enough, in fact, to justify the people who not long ago were talking soberly of "next year" but now are beginning to say that the collapse of German resistance will come this autumn. No one even seems to mind much that the British sectors in France haven't as yet provided the most spectacular headlines. The only real damper on the beaming Londoners' spirits is the difficulty of speeding the boys on to Paris with a pint, since there's a beer drought in the capital and in most of southern England. The contagious confidence is helped along, naturally, by the fact that fewer flying bombs are coming over at the moment. Faces which a week back were showing signs of strain are again ironed out, but most Londoners seem stolidly resigned to the possibility that, though the welcome lull probably means that London's defenses are getting on to their job, the Nazis may simply be cooking up something bigger and nastier. Nine out of ten people think that the threatened V-2, or double-size, bomb will materialize unless the Allies, like the hero in an old-time movie, get to the launching sites just as the villain's hand is about to press the button.

Meanwhile, the evacuation of mothers and children is continuing, and, what with their exodus and the departure of people who have no good reason for staying in London and those who always go somewhere in August anyway, the city is beginning to have an almost empty look. The West End streets seem particularly quiet, since the doodlebugs (a name, by the way, that has stuck) have frightened off the up-for-the-day class of woman customer who used to come into town for a perm and a bit of shopping. All the same, the city doesn't seem especially empty to people who are trying to rent a small flat. Everybody expected rents to come down after the robots began to arrive, but they are still high, and only occasional top floors, which don't seem very attractive nowadays, are on the agents' books. Until the casualty and damage figures were given out by Churchill, no one really had much idea what mischief the bombs were doing outside his own neighborhood. The censorship is still strict and usually it is only from chance conversations, or from glimpses through a train or bus window of that familiar rash of green tarpaulins spread over the roofs of blasted houses, that you learn that a place has been having a bad time.



TAKING advantage of the lull in the bombing, a new revue, cheerfully christened "Keep Going," opened this week. It served, at least, to bolster the dwindling list of plays. Recently, a short season of ballet was crowded to the doors with rapt fans, who were happy to be intent, for a change, on a *pas seul* instead of on the Pas de Calais. The sporting life of the country, after a brief period of uncertainty when the doodles first came over, has also got back into its stride. On Bank Holiday, Lord's drew vast crowds to watch the cricket. There have been occasions, on other grounds, when the gentlemanly tempo of the afternoon has been upset by the players' having to hit the turf and the spectators' having to dive under their seats. The Eton and Harrow match was cancelled because the headmasters didn't want to risk sending their boys to London, but most other traditional sporting events have been held as usual. There was a drop in attendance at the greyhound courses around town during the first week of the robot raids, but now they're as crowded as ever, and the patrons don't even bother to look up when the doodles go over. Judging by the attendance at the few surviving race meetings, British enthusiasts have apparently decided that since death can find them anywhere in southern England these days, they'd just as soon be found laying a bet on a promising horse.

Londoners who are back with their holiday tans report that the old bomb snobbery which used to flourish in the blitz days is once more evident in rural districts. Residents of tiny southern villages where, perhaps, a bomb has blasted a field and killed a few hens are inclined to be proudly certain that they are the ones who are getting the really tough part of the battle and deflecting it from "those cockneys." What is really tough for country dwellers, though, is the job of getting house repairs made, because so many local workpeople have been drafted up to London to assist in the rehabilitation of the severely hit districts. The most serious damage in some little English towns has been caused not by bombs but by modern armies negotiating streets more suitable for knights in armor riding on palfreys. The battered Saxon bridges and sagging Tudor doorways which record the progress of skidding British tanks and American trucks through the countryside will keep the local bricklayers busy for a long time after they get back from London. This unexpected devastation is accepted cheerfully by the townsfolk. Like Londoners, they now believe that this is the last summer, and the pretty girls wave more fervently than ever to the tanks and trucks that go rumbling by on their way to make that belief a certainty. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

A WEEK WITH THE WARREN SMITHS

[*From the Salem (Ill.) Republican*]

A number of relatives gathered at Warren Smith's Sunday, Dec. 26, and all had dinner together in honor of Pvt. Warren C. Smith, who was spending a week's furlough from Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif. Those who attended were: Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Maxey, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hanks and two sons, Mr. and Mrs. Dayton Crutchfield and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Loyd Alderson and two daughters and Miss Ida Ritter, and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Beard and children called in the afternoon.

Lester Smith and son called on Warren Smith on Monday.

Mrs. Warren Smith and sons Elwood and Pvt. Warren C. Smith and Miss Ida Ritter were shopping in Alma Wednesday.

Raymond Beard, Alfred Mulvany and Warren Smith helped Dayton Crutchfield with his butchering on Wednesday.

Helen and Thelma Perry called on Marceline Smith on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Raymond Beard entertained a number of relatives and friends on Thursday night. Those attending were, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Smith and family, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Smith and son, Lewis Hanks, and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Dayton Crutchfield and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Mulvany and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Mont Ritter and son, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Maxey, and Miss Ida Ritter. Sandwiches, coffee, cake, doughnuts, and pickles, were served.

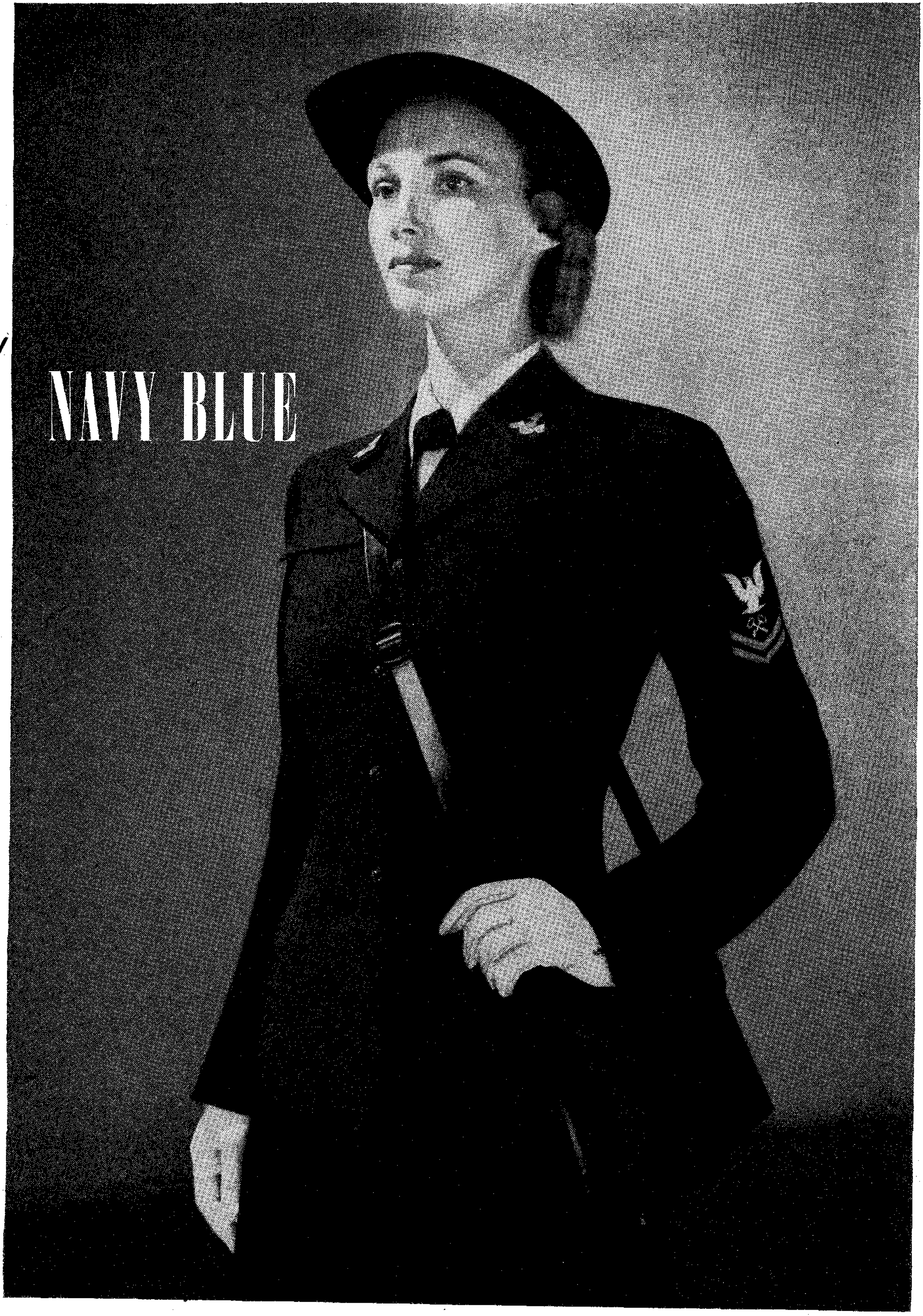
Mr. and Mrs. James Walker and family and Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Maxey visited with Warren Smith and family Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Gordon called at the Warren Smiths Thursday afternoon.

Miss Ida Ritter returned home Saturday evening after spending the week at the Warren Smith home.

Pvt. Warren C. Smith returned to Camp San Luis Obispo, California, Saturday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Smith and small children attended the show in Salem Sunday afternoon.



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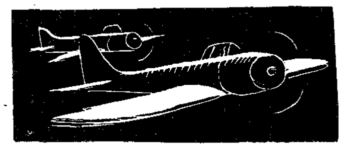
BUZZ, BUZZ

MY husband, for patriotic reasons, keeps bees. I do not. Yet my juxtaposition to the apiary via the apiarist leads inevitably to an occasional sting. Try as I will, I cannot attain the philosophic calm so urgently prescribed by bee addicts. While the bees are fertilizing orchards and producing honey and wax, working frantically in the war effort, I persist in viewing them subjectively.

Every weekend, as we head toward our hives in Connecticut, I am filled with good intentions. I remember how the Ethiopians opened their hives for attack and how the Italians swatted as they fled. I tell myself that Greenwich Village, where we live, is all the safer because of our bee arsenal. But Saturday brings the buzz and song of the golden throng and I promptly forget Maeterlinck, Fabre, the architectural beauty and mathematical perfection of the combs, the astonishing details of their totalitarian society. I remember only vivid diagrams of the bees' implement, the sting, the terrifying descriptions of the properties of the venom, and when to call in a physician.

With regard to bees, I have two totally different attitudes—one urban, the other rural. No matter what happens in the bee line in New York, and plenty does, I remain calm and interested. I am quite brave when packages of bees are expressed to us in the Village. The boxes come screened on two sides, offering an excellent view of the thirty-five hundred bees per pound. Twice in the spring a three-pound lot arrives, more than ten thousand bees in each, all buzzing. Being very tidy creatures, they must make a sortie to relieve themselves. From inside the screen door of the back porch, I watch my husband drill the hole which provides escape. The porch is vibrant with the activity of our Hymenoptera. They carry away their dead (those weaker individuals who did not survive the journey from Mississippi or Georgia), they fly into the gardens, and they cover the bowl we put out for them, which holds excelsior doused with sugar syrup. At night they return to their impromptu hive, leaving a few lethargic scouts outside to guard the hole. The only time I ever see a lethargic bee is in New York.



The first day that we loosed this batch of fury on unsuspecting New York, I confess that I was uneasy. Within the house I felt safe, but every time the doorbell rang I was sure it was the police or the landlord. When I finally worked up enough courage to leave the house, I expected either to be stung or to be viewed by passers-by as though I were responsible for an epidemic of bubonic plague. In keeping with its reputation, Greenwich Village absorbed its unusual visitors, thousands though they were, with utter nonchalance. Soon I regained my confidence and looked my neighbors in the eye.

My bravery in the city has gone to further lengths. When we tote packaged bees to the country, a cork must be firmly, very firmly, pushed into the hole the night before, when the homing instinct makes the box replete. The next day we carry the bees to Connecticut. I have wrapped them, in this thoroughly corked condition, in a woollen blanket, to prevent chilling, and once, when the temperature outdoors dropped to below fifty degrees, I transported the lively receptable to the bathroom as soon as we arrived. Another time I carried a queen with her retinue of twelve on the train. She was in a special screened cage, provided with Queen Cage Candy, a mixture of water and powdered sugar. I held the cage and watched the caressing, the cleaning, the feeding by her retainers. My husband had been put on the waiting list for queens, as the demand was so great, and I fully appreciated our royal companion.

When I am in an urban armchair, my interest in bee lore is considerable. Rhapsodic phrases stir my imagination, advertisements amuse me, statistics astonish me. There are upward of a million people in the United States who harbor bees. The mania seems to be global. Bee journals are published even in India and South Africa. Over two hundred million pounds of honey are produced annually in this country, over four million pounds of beeswax, which is now needed by the Army and Navy.

ON Saturdays and Sundays my rural attitude toward bees asserts itself. The country air, formerly so sweet and tractable, is now dangerous. I used to head toward any shrub or plant in its full ecstasy of bloom with pleasurable emotion, knowing that I would meet at most a hummingbird. Now I back away from blooms. Barren spots, where no nectar abideth, are my goal.

Even so, I get stung. It seemed in-

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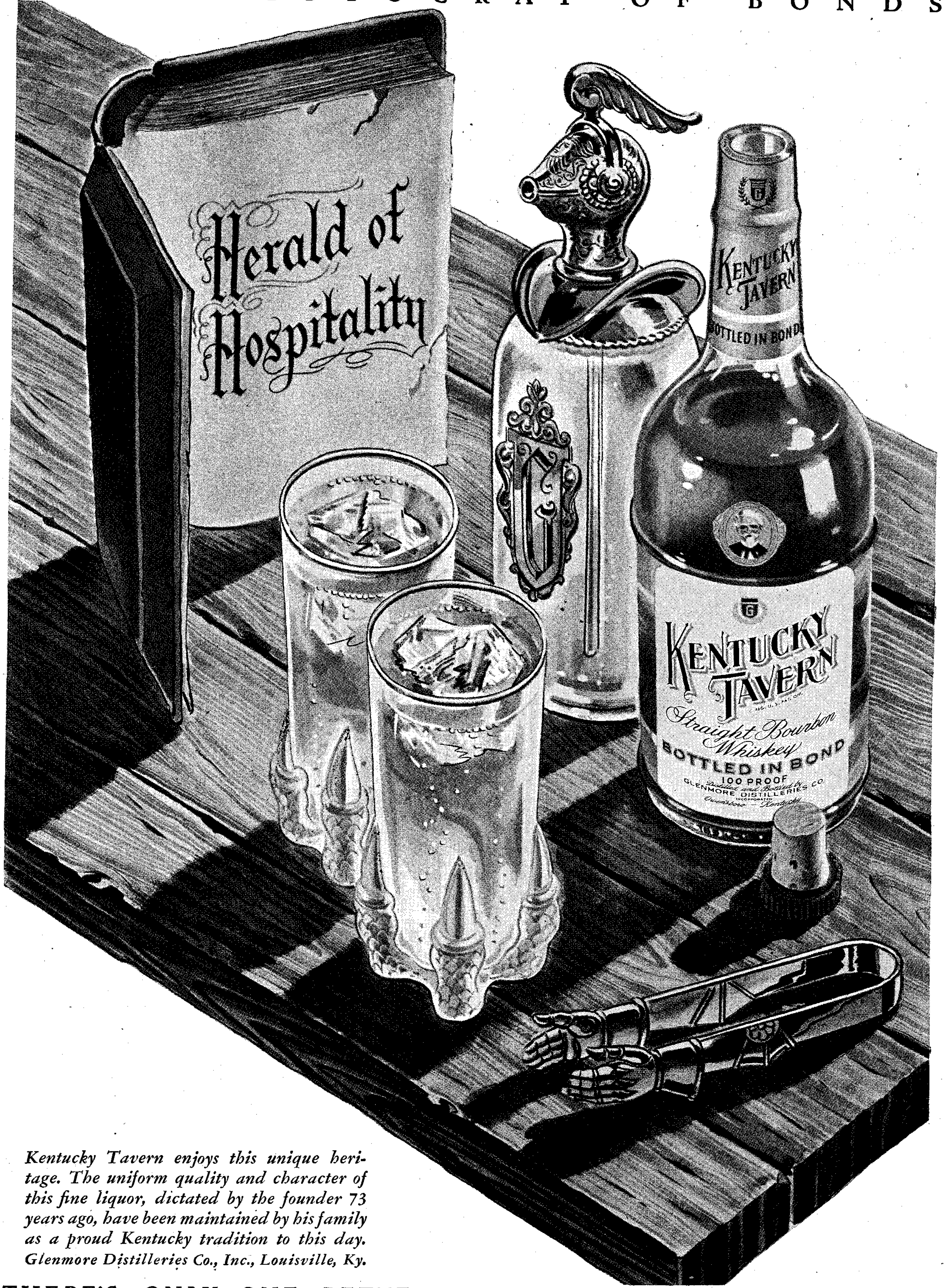
THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS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telligent, after a few painful experiences, to find out why I get stung and, if possible, when an attack is likely to occur. Consequently, I have read all available documents on the subject of stings.

Nearly every article begins by saying that most stings are avoidable but that an occasional puncture has to be expected. The writer then proceeds to urge that one pay no attention to a sting, go about his work as though nothing had happened, and not let his mind dwell upon the pain. The writer usually neglects to explain how one arrives at this objective attitude. Sometimes the writer will stress the importance of removing the stinger as soon as possible. One article has the effrontery to suggest that to let a bee sting one on the hand without disturbing it makes an interesting experiment. "After the bee has worked the sting in so deeply as to be satisfied, it begins to find itself a prisoner." I have never been able to read any further in that paragraph.

Most of the articles contain lectures on temperament, addressed, as one of them puts it, to "nervous persons who cannot take stings without excitement." Such persons are urged to show patience, power of concentration, and sympathetic understanding, and to regard bees as pets rather than as beasts of burden. At the end of each article come dire warnings. There are phrases about flirting with death and lurid details about swellings, shortness of breath, blotches, closed eyes, and high fever. Then, to cheer the reader, it is announced that people rarely die of bee stings.

I was naïve enough to think that if I discovered why bees sting, I could take precautions never to be stung. One reason often given is easy to understand and easy to adopt as a basis for conduct. Bees sting to protect their home. The answer is obvious. Never approach a hive. Another reason bees sting is that something has gone wrong; they are in a state of disappointment. And also, like human beings, bees have their good and bad days. I suppose that some mornings they just get out of the wrong side of the hive. But I defy anyone to know, when he hears a buzzing around his head, whether it is a good or a bad day for the bee who is making the noise. I only know that it is a bad day for me.

There are a few other helpful rules: bees are crosser when it is chilly and when it rains, when the honey flow stops or when there is any kind of apiarian disorder. Predictable as their organized society may be, they may be expected to do the unexpected as far as stinging is concerned. All this reading has left me

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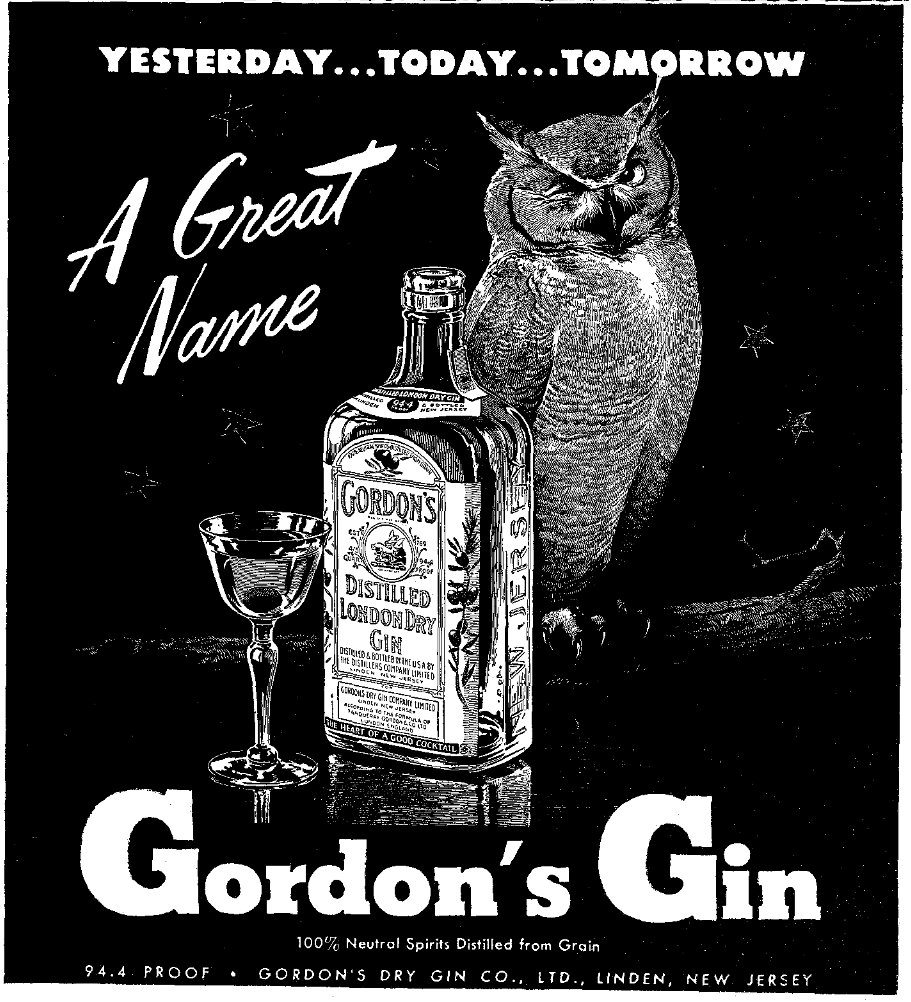

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just where I began, in a state of anxiety.

In my happier and more ignorant days, I thought that a bee stung me with a feeler attached to its head. Now I know better and can describe the entire operation. The stinger, a beautifully fashioned implement, is attached to the bee's abdomen. All the bee does is to sit down. In go lancets, barbs, the whole potent paraphernalia. The poison sac empties. Other glands rush to fortify the venom. When I read of this I go frantic. I not only want to call the doctor, I want to call a cop.

What do you do after you are stung? The bee dies, but you do not. You feel pain and the bite swells. There is much advice in the articles on how to treat bee stings, but actually there is no successful way of treating them.

One author I agree with. He states emphatically that everyone is not fitted for the occupation of beekeeping.

—HELEN CLARK PHILLIPS

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

One day when Dr. Osler was in London he was invited to inspect a rather famous hospital of the old town; and there he was proudly shown about by several physicians and surgeons. Finally the charts (or whatever the nomenclature of the records of diagnosis may be) were reached. He looked them over carefully, observed the system of therapeutical abbreviations, such as D for diphtheria, DT for delirium tremens, SF for scarlet fever, TB for tuberculosis, and so on. All the diseases seemed to be pretty well under control except one, showing the condition of London to be healthy. The one appalling malady was indicated by the symbol GOK. Now, the famous doctor did not wish to display his ignorance, although he might have been pardoned for not being entirely *au courant* with the terminology of London hospitals.

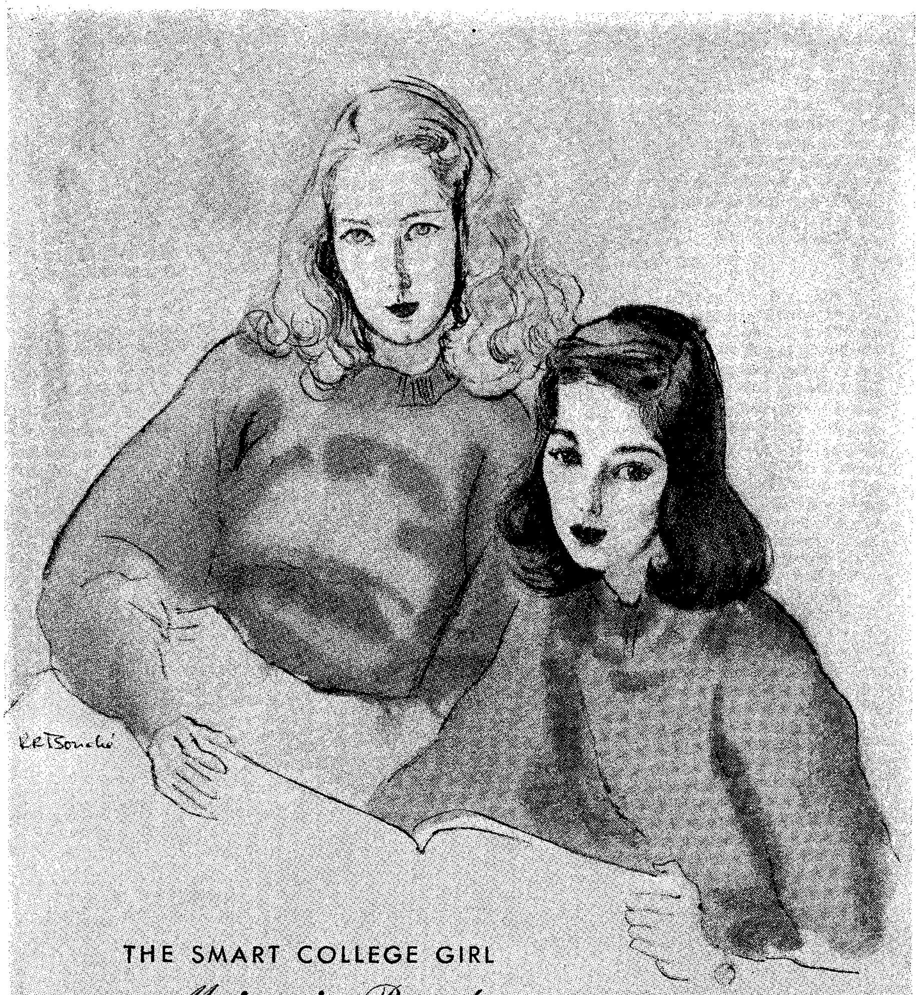
"I observe," said he, "that you have a sweeping epidemic of GOK on your hands. By the way, this is a symbol not in common use in American medical circles; just what is GOK?"

"Oh!" one of his hosts lightly replied; "when *we* can't diagnose, *God Only Knows."—From "Life of Ambrose Bierce," by Walter Neale.*

A famous English doctor, looking over the charts in a London war hospital, was especially interested in the system of abbreviations: SF for scarlet fever, TB for tuberculosis, D for diphtheria, etc. All diseases seemed to be pretty well under control except one, indicated by the symbol GOK.

"I notice," said the eminent physician, "that you have a sweeping epidemic of GOK on your hands. I'm not familiar with that particular symbol. Just what is GOK?"

"Oh, that," one of the staff doctors replied. "It means we can't diagnose it—God Only Knows."—*Bob Hope in Coronet, May, 1944.*



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Not a snap course, you say? Of course not . . . but what results you get! Not mere passing marks, mind you . . . but *cum laude* and with honors that aren't just written on parchment. No indeed . . . the college girl who applies herself to better looks as diligently as she applies herself to chemistry or athletics is going to have honors as long as she likes. She's smart enough to take care of her skin and hair and figure right NOW, building for the future . . . instead of waiting until faults begin to show, troubles get out of hand. She follows the beauty routine planned for her young skin by Elizabeth Arden . . . she chooses makeup and diet and exercise with care . . . and she knows she'll never be an "old grad"—as far as looks go, anyhow.

Elizabeth Arden

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Freedom Road, by Howard Fast (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A gifted American historical novelist reminds us of an abortive interlude right after the Civil War, when Negroes and whites worked and lived harmoniously in many Southern communities. The story of Gideon Jackson, a Negro who rose from the illiteracy in which emancipation found him to a seat in Congress, is set against the story of the vindictive plantation owners who, after eight years of Fascist plotting and with the connivance of President Hayes, succeeded in restoring rancor and oppression to the South. Mr. Fast's protagonist is occasionally shadowy, more a lyric symbol than a realized characterization, perhaps because he is a composite of "several Negro statesmen of the time," but this is a small fault in an otherwise successful and moving novel. In an afterword, the author documents his story for the benefit of those who might find it difficult to believe that such a period ever existed in the South.

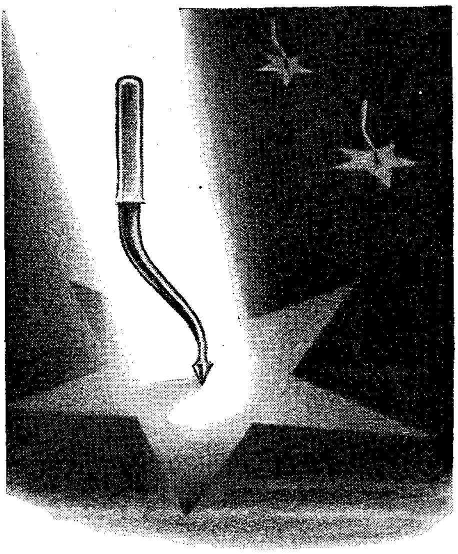
So Thick the Fog, by Catherine Pomeroy Stewart (Scribner). The fortunes of a French family during the German occupation, told by the mother, who, after her husband's departure for the front, takes her five children from Paris to his ancestral home on the coast of Brittany. The story falls into an adventure pattern made familiar by both fiction and the movies, but the telling, which is restrained and often touching, sets it well above the average. The only failure in characterization is a Nazi soldier, Karl, who, despite the author's attempts to portray him as a human being (there is even a thread of romantic interest in the daughter), is never anything more than a stencil, which is perhaps, after all, perfectly true to life.

Stories by Erskine Caldwell, selected and with an introduction by Henry Seidel Canby (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Erskine Caldwell's stories of terrorized Negroes, corn-guzzling white trash, and other odd, submerged types have for more than a decade illuminated one of the most depressing segments of American life. He sometimes has done equally well in recording the more agreeable aspects of human behavior, as in the delightful "Country Full of Swedes." Only really first-rate stories, though, justify a selected edition, and Mr. Caldwell has apparently not achieved enough to produce a uniformly impressive volume. By no means all the stories included pass the rigid test of rereading with anything like flying colors, let alone bear out Mr. Canby, who, in a throbbing introduction, wants to put Mr. Caldwell in a class with Poe, Hawthorne, and Goya. Those that do pass this test, like "Country Full of Swedes" and "Kneel to the Rising Sun," have already been amply republished.

GENERAL

Trumpet Voluntary, by G. B. Stern (Macmillan). A remembrance of things past and a musing on things present by the author of "The Matriarch." All the qualities of Miss Stern's writing are present—her highly mannered and rather bejewelled prose, her archness, her occasional acute insight into human behavior—and, in the course of telling about her life, her cat, her experiences during and after the London blitz, her literary opinions and her literary friends, she puts down, along with many witty things, a few very wise ones. Readers who enjoyed Sir Osbert Sitwell's recent "Left Hand, Right Hand!" and W. Somerset Maugham's not-so-recent "The Summing Up" should find Miss Stern's distillation, which is of the same vintage though not drawn from the same cask, equally pleasurable.

The Jew in Our Day, by Waldo Frank (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). An argument, rather over-impassioned at times, that the Jews are different from other Americans, including those whose forebears were Italian, German, Irish, and Slavic. This difference, in Mr. Frank's opinion, is not racial but lies in the Jews' inheritance of the great body of Jewish tradition, which, as Mr. Frank puts it, starts from the knowledge that every man, woman, and nation can discover life's meaning, which "is to win the world, under God, through justice, mercy, and love, for the brotherhood of man." The essays that make up Mr. Frank's book are all in some way expressions of this point of view, and throughout his discussion he calls upon the Jews to recognize and admit their difference by *enacting* (the italicization is his)



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it in their social behavior. Only thus, he believes, can the Jew be saved from "the shame in his heart." Reinhold Niebuhr, in an introduction, takes issue with the author on certain points, saying that while it is right for Mr. Frank to recall the Jews to the profounder aspects of their religious tradition, he may be asking too much of mere human beings, and that it is apparent that the Jewish problem can and should be solved quite apart from any problem of religion. Mr. Frank has never been the easiest writer in the world to read, and this prose has the treacly quality characteristic of his work, but he and Mr. Niebuhr have, between them, written a searching and civilized book.

THE TEMPERING OF RUSSIA, by Ilya Ehrenburg (Knopf). A chronicle of Russia's war with Germany, from July, 1941, to July, 1942, by one of the Soviet Union's best-known journalists. Mr. Ehrenburg's book is made up of some of the dispatches he wrote for *Red Star*, *Pravda*, and *Izvestia*, plus selections from his notebooks. While the volume suffers from all the well-known defects of most contemporary Russian writing, his stinging sense of outrage against the barbarities committed by the Germans, and his ability to communicate that sense of outrage to the reader, make it an impassioned and eloquent account of the sombre days when the fate of Russia, and with it the fate of the United Nations, hung in the balance.

GEORGE BANCROFT: BRAHMIN REBEL, by Russel B. Nye (Knopf). A full-dress biography of the Massachusetts gentleman who is generally considered the first major American historian and who, as Secretary of the Navy and for a while acting Secretary of War during the war with Mexico, as American Minister to Prussia during the Franco-Prussian War, and as friend and confidant of Abraham Lincoln during the Civil War, had a hand in the making of some history himself. Mr. Nye, a member of the English Department at Michigan State College, writes conscientiously rather than well and places more emphasis upon research than upon interpretation. Still, his book is as good a life of one of the lesser adornments of New England's golden age as we are likely to have, especially since it is doubtful whether any other writer will be tempted to write so detailed a biography of Bancroft, who would seem to be something of an acquired taste. Illustrated.

LABOR LAWYER, by Louis Waldman (Dutton). Mr. Waldman, who has had a long, busy, and contentious public career, has purportedly written his autobiography, but this book, except for the first few chapters, is not so much his life story as an account of the labor and socialist movements in the United States. Since the author has been active in both these fields and has often been in a position to watch the shaping of important events, his book is of considerable interest. Certain of his chapters, such as those that trace the rise and fall of the Socialist Party and discuss the death of Walter G. Krivitsky, who, according to Mr. Waldman, was hounded to his death by the Russian O.G.P.U., are going to raise the Left Wing roof.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

BULLETS FOR THE BRIDEGROOM, by David Dodge (Macmillan). James Whitney and his girl Kitty, who have already solved some murder cases in San Francisco, arrive in Reno at four in the morning to be married. Some dubious-looking men who are sitting around the J. P.'s house try to prevent the marriage and, later on, keep trying to kill the Whitneys during their honeymoon. Fifth-column activities are at the bottom of this unpleasantness. After a good deal of slugging and shooting, the enemy is balked by Whitney, operating rather lukewarmly in coöperation with the F.B.I. Fast and exciting.

THE CORPSE WITHOUT A CLUE, by R. A. J. Walling (Morrow). Mr. Tolefree, on a brief leave from his duties with Military Intelligence, finds out who killed whom one night at Button's Hotel, a queer little place near Charing Cross Station. Since the case is an unusually complicated one, Tolefree has some trouble in eliminating all the impossibilities, and occasionally his reasoning turns out to look a good deal like intuition. Fine for those who like to linger over detail.

•

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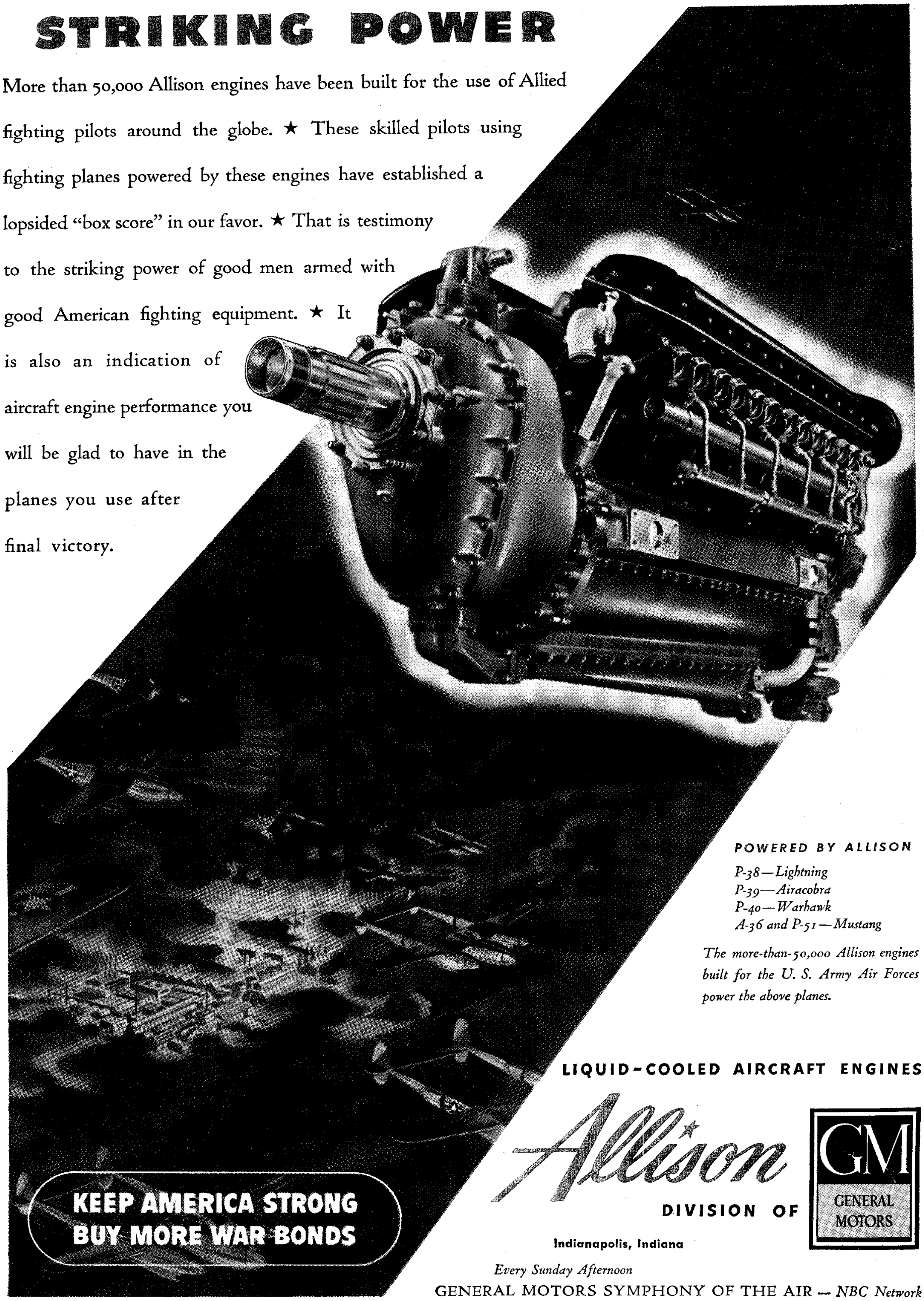

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